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December, 1975

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TREASURE & MINING ISSUE

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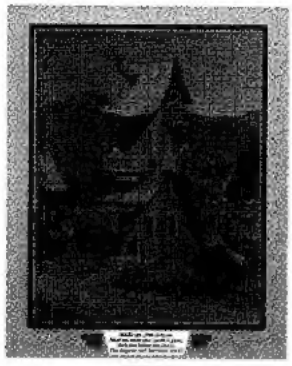
May your moccasins leave tracks
On many mounds of worth,
And walk with braves of every tribe
Who live in peace on earth.

SKP501
May neither drouth nor rain nor blizzard
Disturb the joy-juice in your gizzard.
And may you camp where wind won't hit you,
Where snakes won't bite and bears won't git you!

SKP504
"There were a helluva lot
of things they didn't tell me
when I hired on with this outfit."



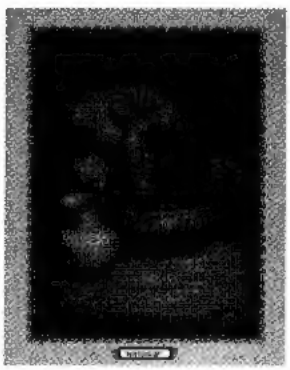
SKP516
Middle age, from forty on,
Need not mean your youth is gone;
Only that before you lose it,
You doggone well had better use it!

SKP509
Nothing is so strong as gentleness,
Nothing so gentle as real strength.

SKP502
May your horse never stumble, your spurs never rust,
Your guts never grumble and your cinch never bust!
May your boots never pinch, your crops never fail,
While you eat lots of beans and stay out of jail!

SKP503
HANG TOUGH, PARDNER!

SKP515
HANG IN THERE, OL' BUDDY!



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"BOTTOMS UP"

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Happiness was born a twin."

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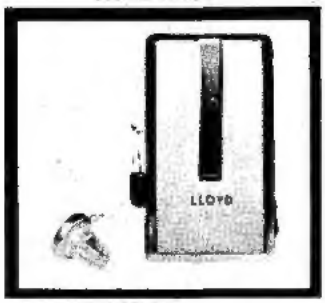

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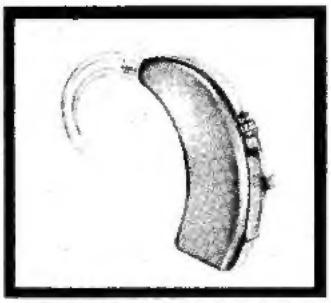

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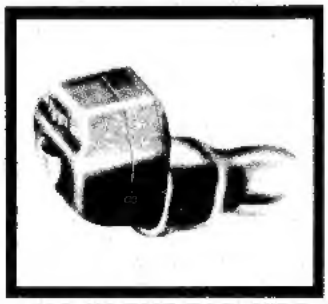

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LOST!

"I CAN'T FIND THEM!"

HELP!

By golly, we are getting concerned over the number of letters from readers saying they can't find TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST and GOLD! on their favorite newsstands.

Maybe they have been crowded out by sex and sensationalism. Sometimes I think we'd have more dollars to pay bills with if we'd gotten into the naked girl business.

Well, our "Pull 'em Out!" campaign has worked beautifully but it's not difficult to see that it won't work if there are no magazines to pull out. So if you start a campaign to get them on the racks with the same vigor you put into pulling 'em out—we'll get this job done also.

When you can't find our magazines on a stand, talk to the MANAGER. If this doesn't bring results, write a note to the effect that you can't get TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST and GOLD! at that store (give the name) and ask the manager to give it to the magazine man to be passed on to his boss. City wholesalers are sent a flood of magazines. Actually, over 1,500 titles are trying to get on that very newsstand! The wholesalers have to *know* you want certain titles. We have letters from dozens of readers who were *persistent*. Once they started, they kept at it. Some even phoned the city wholesaler. Usually you'll find them listed under MAGAZINES—DISTRIBUTORS. They have various names but many end with "News Agency." Every reader who was persistent got results.

For a long time we have been fighting to keep 'em uncovered—and we won that battle—but even there we can't let up. Now we have an even tougher battle to keep them where they have been—or, anywhere they ain't. Life is a battle. That old story about the wheel that squeaks loudest gets greased is even truer today than long ago. So squeak folks, SQUEAK—and thanks a heap! It's the only way.—Hosstail.

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

November-December, 1975
Volume 23, No. 2
Whole No. 132

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

PAT WAGNER, Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
ROBERT SMALL, General Mgr.

Mary Sanders, Editorial Asst.
Bill Seymour, Design/Production
Marilyn White, Circulation Mgr.
Joe Small, Jr., Advertising Mgr.

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Ed Cooper

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Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, of sufficient size for return, with all submissions.

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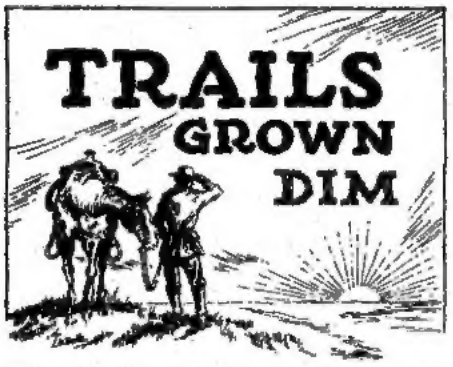


Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Jess (Jesse) Carter

My great-uncle, Jess (or Jesse) Carter, was the son of Cynthia Conn and George Washington Carter. He was born in Virginia; his birthplace may have later become a part of Kentucky. He went to Oklahoma and lived on an Indian reservation. He had sisters: Annie, Martha, Margaret, Serressta, Mary or Nancy Jane, and Elva, who was my great-grandmother. He had brothers: George Allen, Presley, Wayne, and two brothers, Tom and Alix, who were killed by vigilantes near what is now Concord School in Kentucky. Another brother ran inside the church and hid under a woman's hoop skirt. The two who were killed were buried in the same grave. This was during the Civil War.

Jesse Carter may have been born in the 1830s or 1840s. I'd certainly appreciate hearing anything anyone has to tell about him, or knowing if he married and had descendants. I'll be glad to reimburse for postage.—Isoline Jones Stidam, 841 Valley Street, Dayton, Ohio 45404

Shelburne-Stiles

I am trying to hear from anyone who knows anything about my uncle, John Shelburne, his son John, and daughter Nannie. According to the 1880 census of Milam County, Texas, John, Jr. was boarding with Thomas W. Shelbourne and wife, Carrie F., while Nannie was with a Mrs. Matilda Stiles and her son, Asa W. I heard that Nannie married Asa Wilber Stiles and lived around Rockdale, Texas around 1885 to 1890.—Mabel C. Shelburne Finch, 1323 Elgin, Caldwell, Idaho 83605

Sowell-Kincaid

My great-grandfather was John N. Sowell, Sr. My grandparents were Lucinda S. Turner and Andrew Jackson Sowell. He was Master of the Guadalupe Masonic Lodge in 1865. They had ten children, all born in Guadalupe, Texas: Mary Ann or Mildred, 1847; Asa Jarman Lee, 1843; Rachel C. or E., 1845; Virginia Bell, 1849; Martha Allen, 1852; John W., 1855; James A., 1861; Lewis Dean, 1858, my father; Charley Henry, 1862; and Albert Marion, 1866.

I'd like information concerning any of my dad's family, and also that of my mother whose maiden name was Kincaid.—Thomas G. Sowell, 8048 So. 83 Avenue S.W., Apt. 2F, Tacoma, Washington 98498

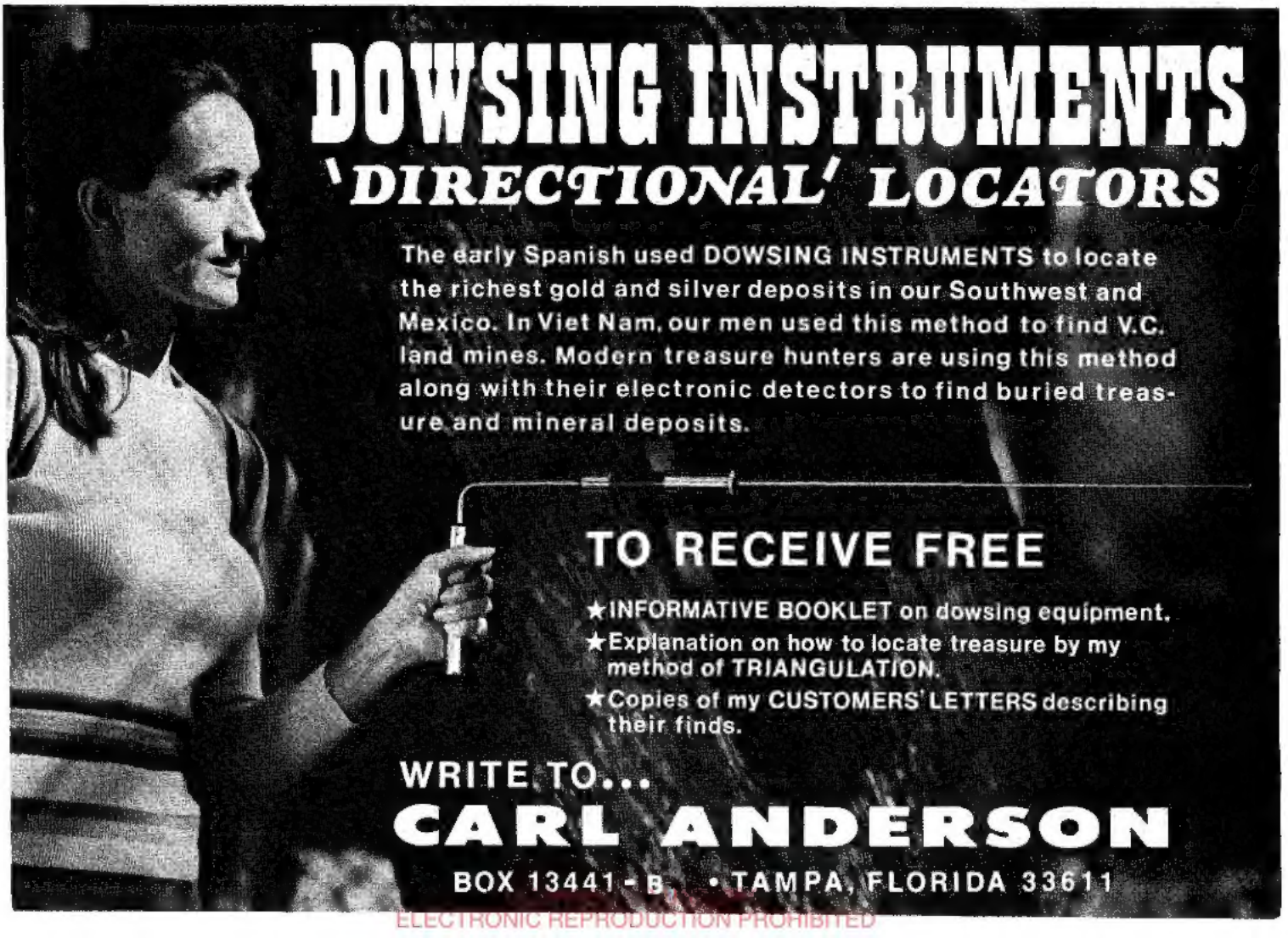
Seaburg Ford Adams

My grandfather, Seaburg Ford Adams, was born February 18, 1849 and died September 14, 1894. He married Sarrah Piatt and their children were Arzie, Julia and Lynn. He moved from Mansfield or Marion, Ohio to Dayton, Tennessee in 1890. I'd like to know if he was English or Scotch and if he had any brothers or sisters.—Ruth Winsett Grey, Box 332, Elfrieda, Arizona 85610

Chalmer Keith Perkins

My father, Chalmer Keith Perkins, was born about 1904, possibly in New York or in Canada. My mother, Ida Helena

(Continued on page 61)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Truly Western

ANNOUNCEMENT

In order to encourage high achievement in the various fields of Western writing, Western Writers of America conducts its annual Spur Award competition. The Golden Spur Award is presented for the outstanding work in each of several categories.

This year Western Writers chose Carson City, Nevada as the site for their convention, and we're happy to let our readers know that one of the Spur recipients was Eve Ball for her article "The Buried Money" which appeared in the June 1974 *True West*. An appropriate plaque is presented to the publisher of each award winning entry.

Burr Mallory

My father-in-law, Burwell Hunt Mallory, a contributor for years to your very interesting publications, recently passed away at Mountainside Hospital, Montclair, New Jersey.

He relayed in his stories to you, accounts of his personal experiences before the turn of the century in Texas. He used the name "Burr Mallory" in his articles.—Robert H. Grunner, 1 Fairmont Avenue, Upper Montclair, New Jersey 07043

We've been acquainted with Burr Mallory since 1957, to be exact, and he's helped us in many ways. To know he isn't around anymore gives us a mighty blue feeling. Regretfully we pass this word along to the readers, and to many of you it will be sad news indeed.

Seamen's Rest

We are pleased to inform you that due to our efforts, the building which housed the old Seamen's Rest has just been designated a Tacoma Historical Landmark.

We appeared twice before the Commission to propose the project. It was passed unanimously by that body which then, by law, must come before the full Tacoma City Council. Last Tuesday we went before the Council which passed the resolution with enthusiasm.

You will be interested to know that in our presentation we showed the two articles which you published about the waterfront mission. They were "The Girl Who Waited At Seamen's Rest," in the August, 1972 TRUE WEST and "The Andelana Disaster" in the October, 1973 TRUE WEST. We think your readers would like to know, for we received many letters following those two articles in your magazine.—Rowena and Gordon Alcorn, 3806 24th St., Tacoma, Washington 98406

Hellfire and Brimstone

I want to congratulate you upon the very interesting story "Hellfire and Brimstone," which you published in the October 1975 TRUE WEST. This is an area I know something about because I had a farm a number of years ago in Milam County just west of Burleson County in Texas. This is one of the most amusing tales I have read in any publication for a long, long time. You have a knack for telling stories that is very unusual.

I am sending this one to my friend, D. D. Clinton, who now lives in Houston and was an early Agricultural Agent in Burleson County.—Sterling C. Evans, Little Eva Plantation, Chopin, Louisiana 71412

Needs Help on Research

I need assistance, especially from people in Cochise County, Arizona (my home county) or from people in Texas, New Mexico, etc. with information concerning a few of the San Simon Cowboys (rustlers) of 1880-1882. I am especially interested in what became of the Hicks brothers, Milt and Will; Frank Patterson, who had a ranch on the Balacomari River; and Harry Ernshaw, who escaped the massacre of the Old Man Clanton group in Guadalupe Canyon. Does anyone know the year Joe Hill was killed, when he was thrown or fell with his horse near Clifton, Arizona? Above all, does anyone have any true information concerning William B. Graham, alias Curly Bill Brocius, or possibly Bill Moreno, after his departure from Arizona Territory? I have done considerable research on Curly Bill's probable destination, but have no solid evidence, mostly hearsay. I do hope someone can throw some new light on an old controversy and will be glad to correspond—Lorine Heffer, 525 Mosefield Drive, Pleasant Hill, California 94523

Montana Memories

In the August '75 TRUE WEST, I found so much that is interesting and amusing that it was hard to lay the magazine aside until it was all gone through. For instance, the story, "Getting Acquainted with Mules," recalled to mind my own experience with mules in Kansas in 1918.

But the jewel of the entire magazine is the one entitled "When a Cowboy Falls in Love." This one brought back memories of a long past day when I fell in love with a gal up near this same area of Montana, near Miles City, and later went back and married her. We have recently celebrated the anniversary of our fifty years in "double harness." And I think the cover picture, "Courtin'," is a real masterpiece, fit to frame.—Allen W. Cooper, Box 92, Hillsdale, Wisconsin 54744

Ed Connell

"Black Jack," the outlaw article in Vol. 3, No. 8, May 1926, facsimile copy of HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES published at Bandera, Texas, was of considerable interest to me.

It gave a full account of the mention of my father, Edward Fulton Connell, 1863-1940, made in an apparent story he left at the time of his death. I thought perhaps readers of the "new" FRONTIER TIMES would like to see his photo as a young man. He served with the Texas Rangers from 1892-1896.—Ira Aten Connell, 5812 S. W. Florida Street, Portland, Oregon 97219

Ed F. Connell

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Colonel Goodnight

My father bought a hardware store in Goodnight, Texas in 1920 and we moved there from Claude, which was twelve miles west. There were many stories circulating about Colonel Goodnight at this time and I thought maybe my personal knowledge concerning him might be of interest. He was a very old man when I knew him.

The Goodnight ranch was on the northern boundary of the JA ranch, and on the Ft. Worth and Denver railroad. He had fifteen sections of land in one block and four in another. When I knew him he had sold the original ranch to an oilman from Wichita Falls, but had retained the right to live on it during his lifetime.

The Colonel owned most of the property around the little town of Goodnight. He and Mrs. Goodnight decided to start a college. They furnished the land, built the buildings and dormitories and paid the teachers' salaries. When we came to Goodnight, the college had been moved to Plainview and was called Wayland College. Mrs. Goodnight had become mentally ill sometime before 1920. She roamed around the country with a horse and buggy. People helped her by opening gates and in other ways, and she never was harmed that I know of.

The Colonel had always been on good terms with the Indians. He would send out word nearly every year for them to come to the ranch for a buffalo hunt, and they would arrive from all over the country. They were given horses and allowed to kill some buffalo from horseback with bows and arrows as they did in the old days. I got to see one of these hunts, and it was certainly a sight. One old chief called Old Horse shot an arrow completely through a buffalo. And what feasts they had!

The Colonel even got to look like a buffalo. You could take a buffalo nickel and cover the body with your finger, and the head was a perfect profile of the Colonel, with his goatee and chin whiskers. He had palsy and was constantly spitting. It sounded like "chewy, chewy, chewy."

The Colonel would drive up to the front of our store in a buckboard buggy, pulled by a good team of mules. He would have two cowboys with him like a chauffeur and a helper, and he would be on the back seat. He would send one man in to ask my father to come out to talk to him. They would talk about different things, and every once in a while the Colonel would tell my father something he wanted in the hardware line or something he wanted ordered. He would say, "Cleo is going down on Spring Creek and I want you to order him a new .30-30," or the buckboard driver would say, "Colonel, we need a new curry comb for the mules." The Colonel would keep on talking for a few minutes and then he would tell my father to give the boys the curry comb.

There was a vacant block between our house and the store which belonged to the Colonel. One day my father told him he would like to fence it in for a milch cow. Colonel Goodnight said, "No, I will send a crew of men over and fence it for you."

When they got through, we had the same kind of fence that was around the Goodnight ranch, and it would stop a buffalo. It was about ten barb-wires high and had good posts six feet apart. We had been cutting across this block to the store, but a man couldn't crawl through that fence. I think we dug a trench under it to get through. Anybody who saw that fence knew that Colonel Goodnight had built it. He built everything good and to last. He would use bolts and screws on buildings and corrals where other people used nails.

Goodnight did all sorts of experimenting, trying to improve things. Some succeeded; some failed. When he crossed the buffalo and the cow, the meat was pretty tough, so that idea didn't work out too good.

I used to go over to his ranch, and the Colonel would be sitting out on the front porch of the big house. He would tell me I could ride the old sorrel horse with the crooked hind-foot. This was the same horse that was ridden by Old Horse when he killed the buffalo.

People would come to the Goodnight ranch to live. I am sure that the Colonel didn't really need all of them to work, but he would let them move their families into one of the houses, and would furnish them what they needed.

We had a good school in a nice brick building. I think it was the college build-

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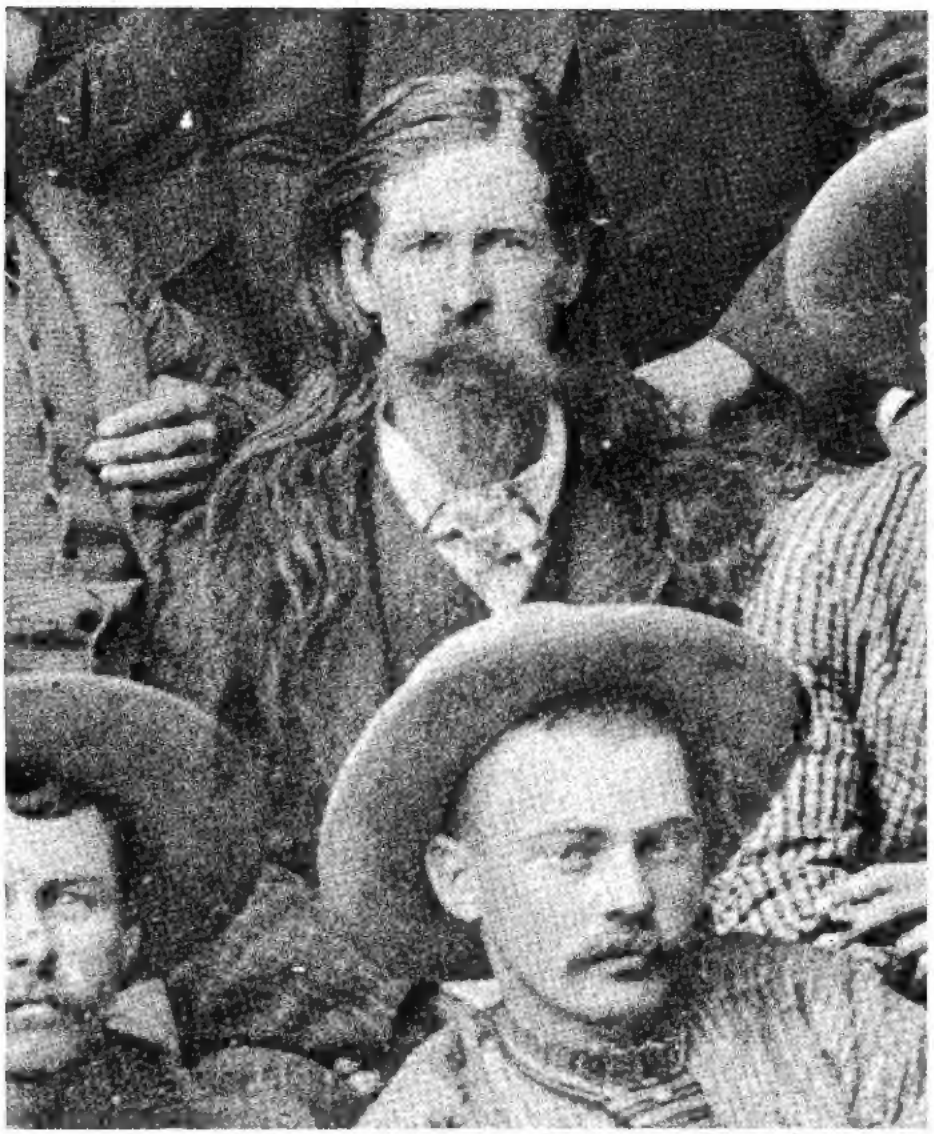


A close-up of the long-haired man that Mr. Eddy first thought might be Wild Bill Hickok.

April 8, 1975

Mr. Joe Austell Small

Dear Sir:

Many years ago I was cleaning out an old building in San Francisco and found the enclosed photograph.

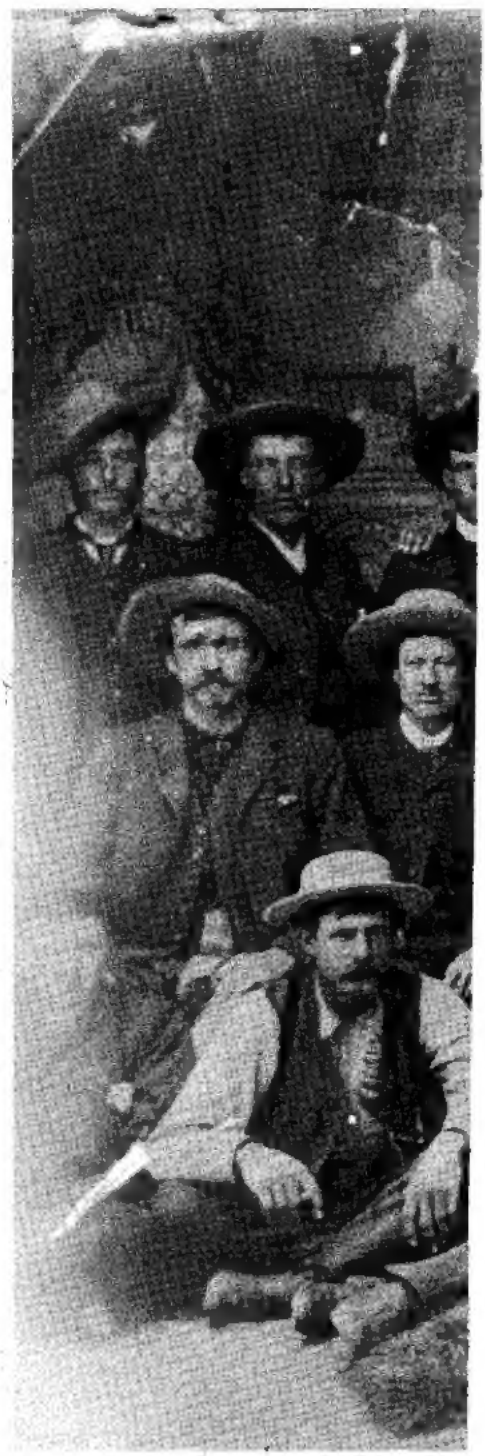
As a long-time reader of your magazines and being very much interested in Western history, I saved the picture and had a friend take and develop some photos of it. At first, I thought the long-haired man in the center of the middle row might have been "Wild Bill." Then, on the back of the picture I noticed faint pencil writing. There is a mention of "Butch" Cassidy, also Bill Costa or Casto and something about "Deputy Sheriff"—"captured"—"while feeding prisoners," and other words I cannot make out.

"Wild Bill" Hickok was killed in 1876 which was before Cassidy's time as an outlaw. Possibly an X-ray or modern photo technique could bring out the penciling on the back of the picture so that more of it could be read.

I would like to see it in one of your magazines and any follow-up comment or identification by your readers.—Ray Eddy, 3146 Packard Avenue, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

ing built by the Colonel. There was a crippled girl named Susy Parker in the school. She lived with her family on the Goodnight ranch, and had trouble getting to school. One day Susy came riding to school on a pretty new horse and saddle. I don't suppose anyone thought that the Colonel knew anything about this girl or the trouble she had getting to school, but he had quietly ordered her a saddle. It was made on a Spanish tree with a large horn and all sorts of decoration. Anyone would have been proud to own that saddle. This was only one of many kind deeds that the Colonel did.

I don't know when Mrs. Goodnight



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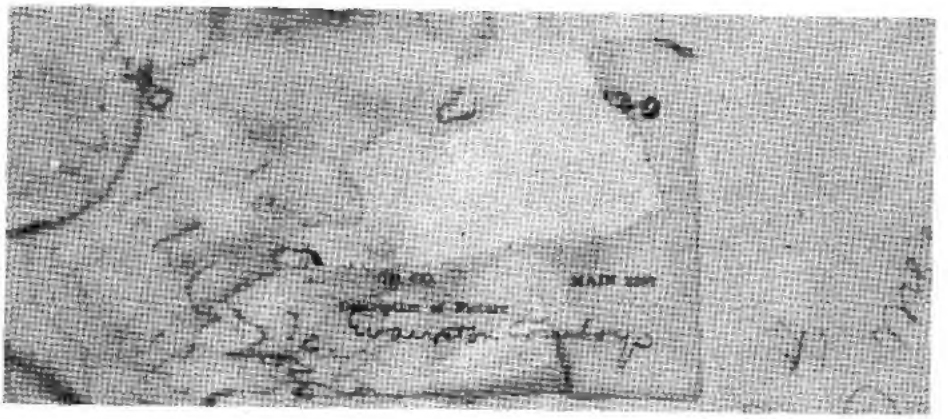
died. The Colonel had brought a nurse to care for them. Her name was Corrine Goodnight, and she was a distant relative. A year or so later she and the Colonel were married, and they went to Clarendon to live.

The last time I saw the Colonel, he came back to Goodnight in a new Packard, with Corrine driving, so he wasn't broke. Packards were fine cars.

Colonel Goodnight lived a full life and left things in better shape than he found them.—J. Blaine Sewell, 2724 Kingswood Dr., Columbia, South Carolina 29205

(Continued on page 61)



Unfortunately, most of the writing on the back of the photo would not reproduce well enough to be legible to our readers. A portion of the studio's gummed label is still intact, however, and under "description of picture" is penciled, "Evanston Cowboys," suggesting that the photographer might have been located in or near Evanston, Wyoming.

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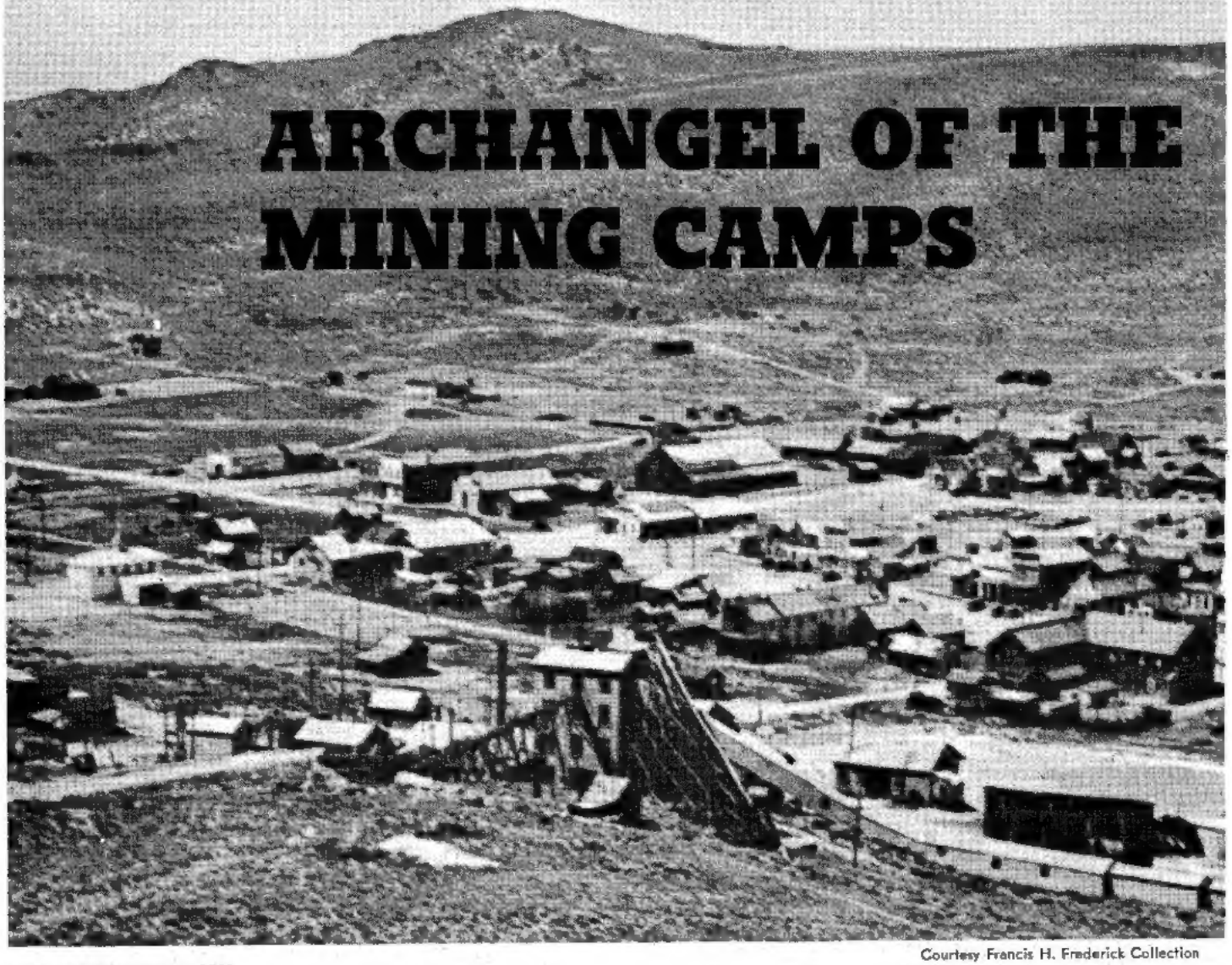
BODIE

ARCHANGEL OF THE MINING CAMPS



Courtesy Francis H. Frederick Collection

Bodie, California in 1931.

— recalled by a man whose family was brushed by its wings all the way up and all the way down

I WAS BORN in Bodie and have a personal feeling for the people and events of its colorful past. Many members of my family were prominent in its riproaring years.

My father was Warren A. R. Loose. He was born in Quincy, Illinois, August 6, 1848 (some records indicate 1846). He was sixty-three years old when I was born in Bodie in 1911. My mother, years younger, was his fourth wife.

Three days before my father died, he wrote a letter to his brother, William, which summed up his philosophy and his views concerning his sojourn on "planet Earth." William Loose's daughter, Dona, found it among her father's papers and gave it to me. About two years after my father passed away, his brother Ed erected a monument over his grave which is on a small hill about half a mile southwest of Bodie. This site was the original Masonic and Odd Fellows Cemetery but interments were discontinued after 1879. The hill is solid andesite. Even with hand-drilling and blasting, it sometimes required over two days to dig a grave.

Over ninety summers have come and gone since the lust for gold and the Bodie Strike with its fantastic richness gave that mining camp its flamboyant place in California history, 1878-1882. It had a longer life than most, and now a new generation has gathered to see the old town through the last quarter of the 20th century. With gold at an all-time high, Bodie is enjoying a renewal of interest. Only time and the assayers' results of the sampling and prospecting can tell if Bodie is to have a "Second Coming." The American Smelting & Refining Company in 1968 carried out some preliminary explorations. They opened the Bulwer Tunnel and conducted some drilling operations; but, for reasons best known to themselves, shelved the Bodie project. However, at this writing, mobile drill rigs are being readied by Phelps Dodge Corporation to resume drilling a pattern of prospect holes across selected zones of the once great lode. Also, in one or two long-caved Bodie Bluff tunnels, "dead work" keeps putting callouses on the hands of pick and shovel wielding summer-hobby hopefuls.

I was privileged in 1937 to interview

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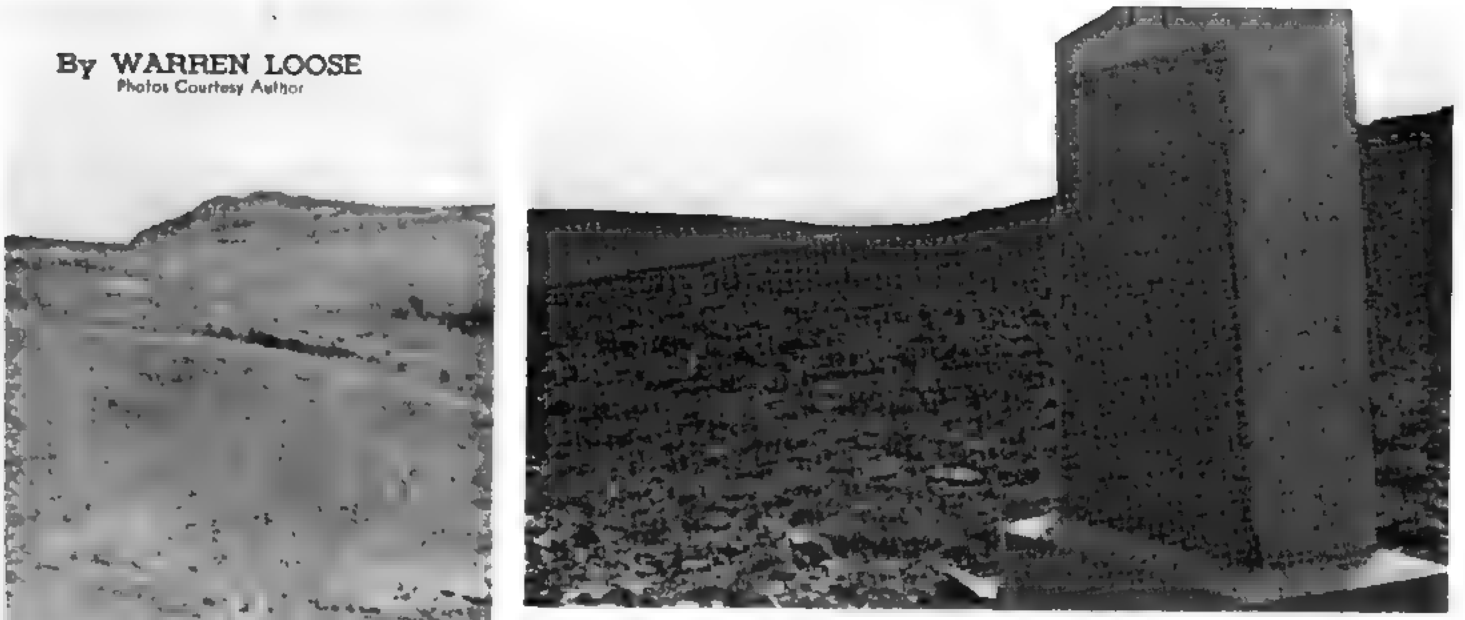
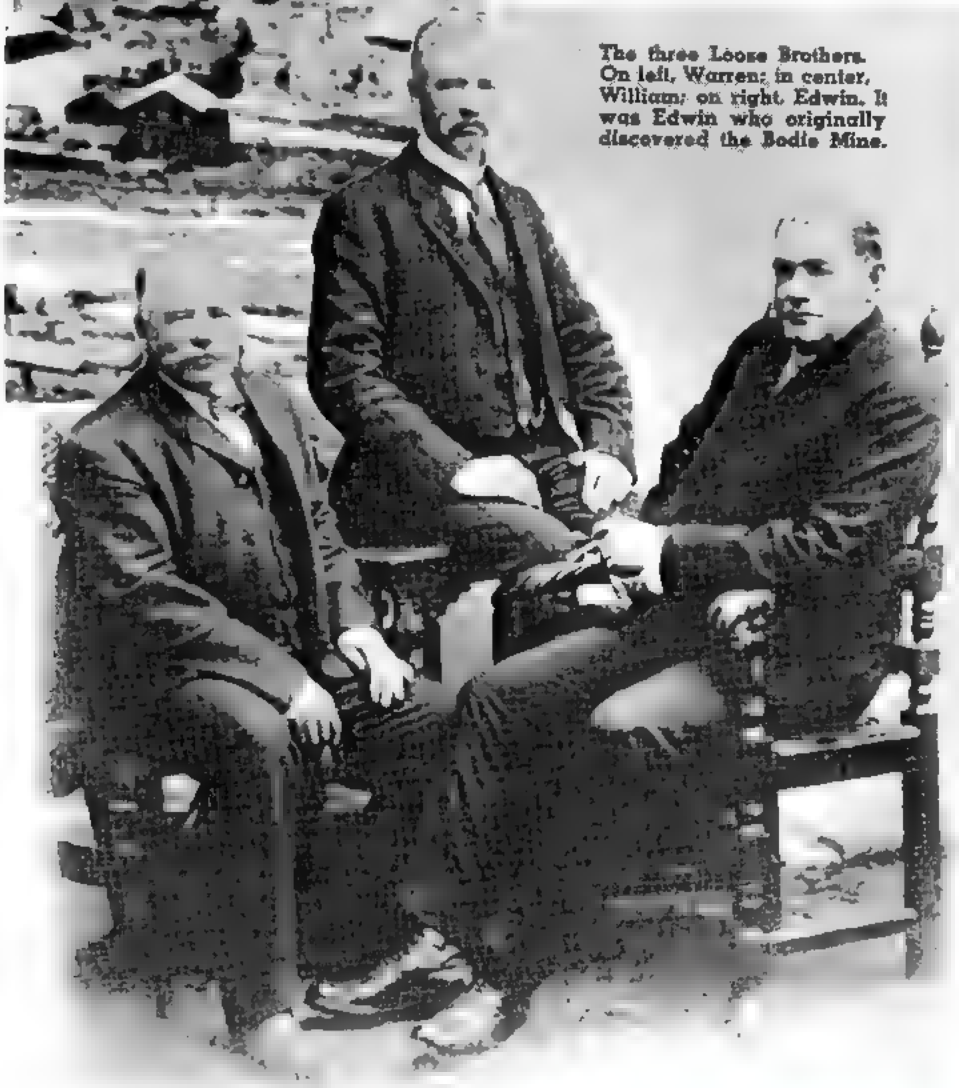
By WARREN LOOSE
Photos Courtesy Author



On a small hill southwest of Bodie stands the grave of W. A. R. Loose.

two old-timers who had lived in Bodie in its heyday. One was John Parr, whom my father first met in the spring of 1876 when John and Tom Parr, Horace Marden, and others under the direction of Warren Rose and H. M. Yerington, who had bought the 16-stamp brick mill and mines of the defunct Empire Gold and Silver Mining Company, came to Bodie to refit the mill and put it in operation. I visited with Mr. and Mrs. Parr at their home in Piedmont, California. Both were in their eighties, alert and active.



The three Loose Brothers. On left, Warren; in center, William; on right, Edwin. It was Edwin who originally discovered the Bodie Mine.

Later that day I was with W. H. Metson at his office in the Balboa Building in San Francisco. "Billy" Metson, as he was known from Bodie to Nome for his knowledge of mining law, arrived in Bodie on July 10, 1880, fresh out of high school where he had graduated with honors, to take up his duties as a law clerk for "Pat" Reddy, Bodie's leading attorney.

In the summer of 1876, Ed Loose came to Bodie to be with his older brother, Warren. Ed was one of those rugged young knights of hardship, sweat, and toil. He and Warren, along with another brother, Will, had won their spurs to manhood in the historic project that culminated at Promontory Point.

Bodie at that time was a tiny camp of hardly more than two-score persons, seething with excitement and rumor. It was bandied about that the Bunker Hill, the only claim in camp with a known substantial body of rich ore, had been sold to San Francisco capitalists; that they were making arrangements with H. M. Yerington to refit the old Empire Mill (renamed the Syndicate) to crush their ore; and that they planned to build a new 20-stamp mill. Rumor followed on rumor.

So it was that young Ed Loose, all six feet and two hundred pounds of ambition fired with the camp's enthusiasm, proceeded to locate a claim adjoining the Bunker Hill on its southwestern line. He called it The Bodie.

AS the long summer days wore on, the brothers toiled determinedly inside the walls of their little redoubt, sinking their shaft and at the same time keeping a wary eye peeled for "Kanky" Jim, "Bat" Murphy, and "Smokey" Jones, the

San Francisco thugs who had arrived in Bodie openly boasting of how they would dispose of the Loose boys.

In July the brothers were sinking their shaft. Will was sixty feet down, mucking out a round. Warren was on the surface manning the windlass. His attention was momentarily distracted by the arrival of the friendly O'Conner family from Aurora. Somehow the windlass bar slipped, sending the loaded bucket of rock crashing back down the shaft as it unreeled. To save his brother from being crushed in the shaft, Warren threw himself head and shoulders under the flagellating iron of the windlass handle, stopping the bucket. The rain of blows on his head and shoulders knocked him senseless, probably causing a severe concussion. The O'Connors took him back to Aurora with them, where he could be treated by the skillful hand of old "Doc" Sinclair.

This accident curtailed mining operations on the Bodie claim, but the struggle to hold the ground went on, and it had its humorous moments as chronicled by Eliza de Luce, Will's wife.

"Will was getting his breakfast when he noticed three men about halfway up the hill. . . . They were in plain sight, and they had some kind of a contraption that they were carrying around. They were not near the tracks of the wagon road, but off to the south of the road. Will decided to see just what those men were doing carrying that thing around. He took his field glasses first; but he didn't bring up either man or contraption so that he could recognize them. . . . A light cannon might be mounted on a wooden frame, and might be more accurate than a heavy piece held in a man's hand. So, Will decided to take a shot at the contraption. He raised the rifle, and sighted carefully a little inside of a sure hit, and pulled the trigger. He saw a cloud of dust. The contraption was thrown down the hill several yards and landed broadside. Three men were scattering wide apart and rolling and scrambling on hands and knees down the hill. . . . Nothing more happened, so he ate his breakfast and ruminated on what might happen if it was a real war. For his part he did not like it. Why did he shoot at a contraption? The bullet might have ricocheted and hurt somebody whose name didn't happen to be Kanky Jim, Bat, or Smokey. . . . What had he shot at? A contraption of some ignorant, stupid person? Of course, no culprit would get in the way. What would people think of his indiscriminate shooting? Of course, it might be only a ruse to get close to The Bodie ground, and then overwhelm the watcher. No matter, Will was immensely dissatisfied over the outlook. Then drove up a buggy. Edwin and O'Shaughnessy were there to say, 'Howdy do,' and console him for so much solitude and tell him the news. Bill Lent had arrived in Bodie to look over the Standard Mine and its machinery . . . and he didn't mention the three brothers with The Bodie claim, or the set of hoodlum bullies that he had sent up from San Francisco to drive out any adverse claimants. . . . O'Shaughnessy and Edwin seemed to think that Lent had come from San Francisco on purpose to settle the issue of The Bodie Mine. . . .

"Then Will told them of taking a shot at some queer looking chaps that were wandering around the side of the hill, and that he did not shoot at them, only short of them; that they had a contraption with them, and that they knocked it over and fell down three or four times before getting on their feet to run. Ed and O'Shaughnessy laughed and said they'd heard about it, and Kanky Jim was one of the three. . . . The contraption was a surveyor's tripod and transit that he had shot at. . . . Someone, who wanted to locate a claim on the site of The Bodie, offered $500 to a surveyor to locate the corners. Those men with the transit had started up the hill to survey out another claim, when Will espied them and took a shot at the contraption, causing an ignominious stampede. There were a lot of people well concealed, watching the results. If it had been safe for that bunch of men to advance onto the forbidden ground, then a swarm of men and claim hunters would have been there. Will said, 'I was doubtful of the wisdom in shooting at a contraption not knowing who backed it and what business they had in coming;

A buggyload of Bodie belles out for a day at the racetrack.

A trail-weary pack train loaded with charcoal.

Courtesy Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, by permission of McLaren Forbes

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Above, the Syndicate, Bodie's first stamp mill, was built during the Civil War and was first christened, "The Empire." An impressive brick Gothic structure, the mill's matchless record was 900 pounds of gold amalgam in a day's run. The occupants of the buggy are Warren A. Loose, vice-president and manager of the new Bodie Mining Company, and his bride.

but now I see it was all right.' Edwin said, 'All right? I should say it was. It was the wisest thing you ever did. This hill would be swarming with men and they would be locating all over The Bodie, crossways, cornerways, and every which way. We heard that Lent called Kanky Jim and his two fellow outlaws into his office and said to them, "I thought that when I saw you fellows in San Francisco you weren't afraid of a buzzsaw. There's just one man up at that claim on the hill. I'll give you fellows $5,000 if you'll just walk up there now in broad daylight. That man on the hill don't know you, don't know you're coming; but I'll just bet $5,000 that you dare not go up there." Kanky said, "I don't know that I want to be sent up against a dead shot in broad daylight. I wouldn't mind going up tonight." "Tonight, nothing," said Lent. "It's now or never. Get out! I don't want no truck with assassins nor cowards. Get out of my sight." '

"O'Shaughnessy said, 'In fifteen minutes we heard all about the interview so we feel sure a settlement is in the making. We came up on purpose to tell you what a fine thing you had done, driving those petty pirates off the ground. It'll be hard to hire surveyors now for a job of locating corners. The price is too high.' Then the three laughed—a shouting laugh 'and I hope it will stay high 'til this thing is settled. You are the boy that will keep the price up.' Then they shook hands, and congratulated each other and Will on the end that they said was now in sight. . . .

"Lent walked around the Standard, was taken down a shaft by his own engineers and shift bosses. Then he had a meeting with O'Shaughnessy and Edwin. Finally the lawyer was called in, to draw up a very tight paper, to sell all of their right, title, and interest in The Bodie Mine, and any other ground claimed by them in the Bodie Mining District. They were to remove their fort at once and all of their personal belongings. This paper awaited only the signing and the payment of money.

"Word of the settlement was sent to Warren who came in the next day on the stage from Aurora. He arrived looking a little pale and a little thin, but, he said, 'sound and well.' So he and each of the brothers and all who had any interest in their affairs were well pleased at the culmination whereby everything was settled satisfactorily. They received the congratulations of everybody. Edwin set 'em up at O'Shaughnessy's besides making a tour of all the saloons in the camp. Warren pleaded illness; Will, lack of time, he must go home.

"The fort was torn down by a miner who needed the lumber to build a lean-to at the back of his house for a woodshed. The money was paid in gold in twenties, and was paid in the Wells Fargo office backroom and was divided there. O'Shaughnessy received a large interest; Edwin and Warren divided with Will. Will took a receipt for his share from the Wells Fargo Express Company and cashed it in Sacramento. After buying presents, he brought home the remainder to me. It was carried in belts about his

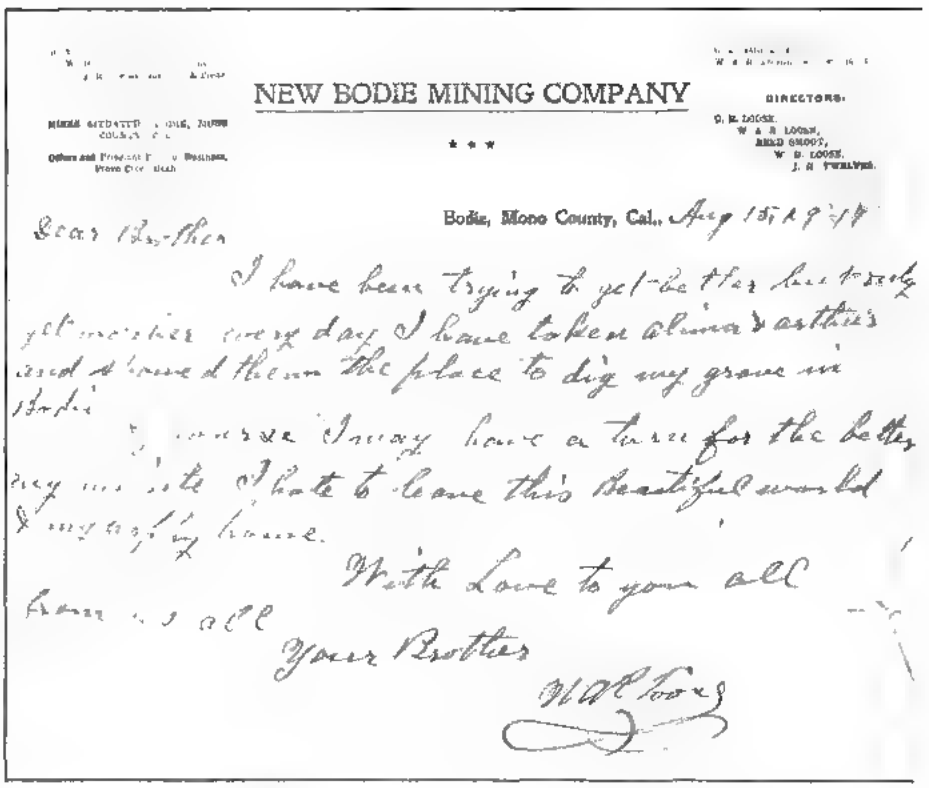
body and in valises among some clothing in coin bags made out of canvas, so that they could be distributed and not be too heavy in one valise. When he got home, he stacked the twenties upon a table by my bedside so I could see them—count them, if I chose. . . . I told Will that it didn't concern me half as much as my three day old baby boy. And I didn't think that Bodie had paid us enough for the many things it had cost us. . . . Will received $9,000 for his share, and was well satisfied. Said that it was fine for three months' work. I was unsatisfied and called the price a measly speck. Will had risked his life and was a subject for assassination at any time for three months. It gave him an after-reputation as a fighter, and he didn't like that, and I didn't like that. But, women are hard to please."

WILLIAM LENT and his associates, after acquiring The Bodie Mine, lost no time in pushing ahead with the sinking of the shaft. They installed a horse whim and put on a full complement of miners, and the work was stepped up to a round-the-clock operation.

In the realm of human affairs, nothing succeeds like success. About a month after acquiring The Bodie, Lent and fellow investors were happily enjoying the first $50,000 dividend of the Standard Company.

As the news of the camp's riches spread with tales of new mines opening, it brought a quick reaction in places like Virginia City, Eureka, Nevada, Sonora, and San Francisco. It drew ambitious prospectors, miners, businessmen, saloonkeepers, and calculating hard-eyed madams, whose unerring business perception sensed a new market for their sure-fire merchandise. They lost no time in cramming many a Bodie-bound stage with bevies of perfumed and plumed sporting girls to equip new *mansions de joie*.

The town was agog over the mercurial



NEW BODIE MINING COMPANY

* * *

DIRECTORS:

Bodie, Mono County, Cal., Aug 15th 1879

Dear Brother

I have been trying to get better but only get worse every day I have taken Quinine & arthes and have chosen the place to dig my grave in Bodie

I suppose I may have a turn for the better but I hate to leave this beautiful world & my family & home.

With Love to you all

from us all

Your Brother

Wm Loose

Letter written by Warren A. R. Loose to his brother, William, just three days prior to his death.

surge in the stock of The Bodie Mine, which had slowly inched up to $1 per share by June 1, 1878, and then had shot up to $18 per share by August 7. This escalation had almost overnight made hundreds of Bodieites giddy-headed rich. Many had bought the stock for less than 40 cents per share a few months before as a wildcat speculation.

As the days of August wore on excitement in the camp grew with feverish intensity, day by day, as the big black matched six-horse teams of Horace Marden wheeled overloaded ore wagons all day long from The Bodie Mine through the streets and down the canyon, one mile, to the Syndicate Mill. Accompanying each load were two well-mounted hard-eyed guards whose ready Winchesters were eloquent evidence of the high-grade gold-studded quartz in each load. This spectacle was reaffirmed each night with new rumors and treasure tales from the miners who dug the ore, and from the

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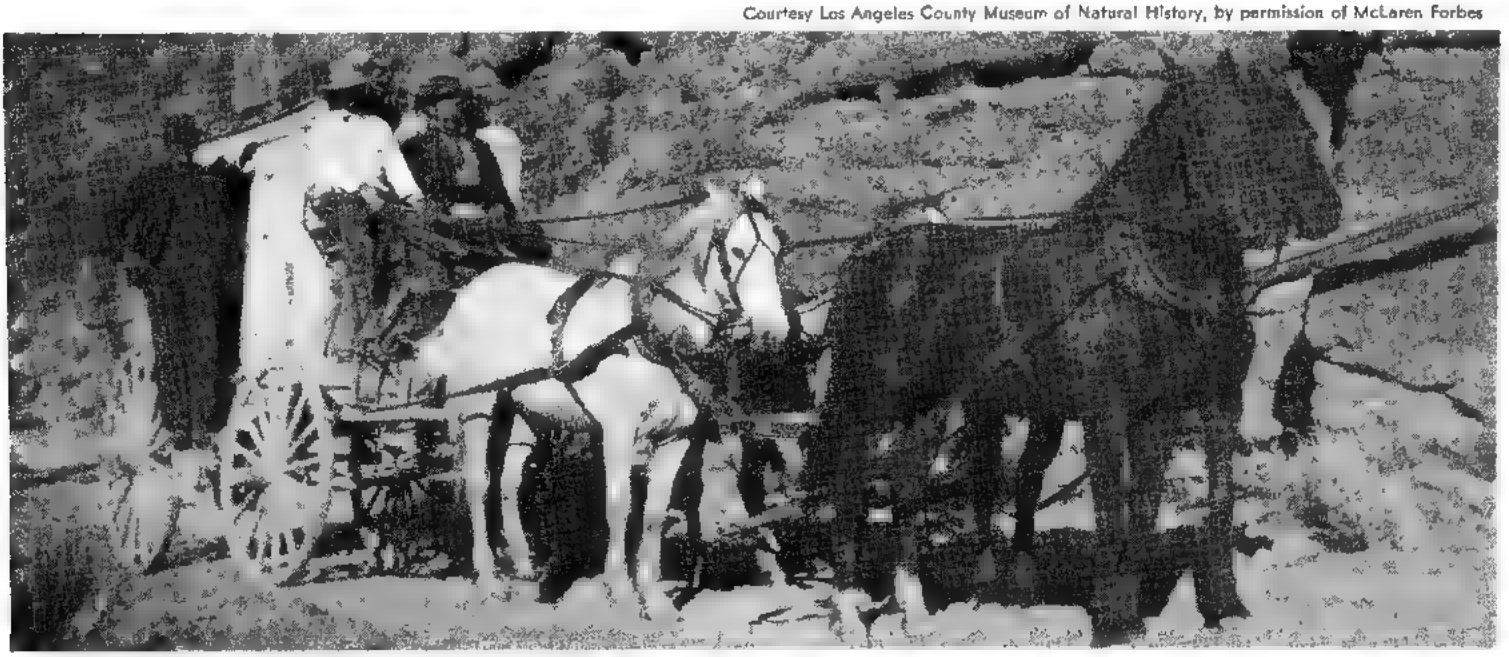


The nine-passenger Henderson coach on the Independence to Bodie run.

Looking toward Bodie from W. A. B. Loose's gravesite.

mill hands who labored under the watchful supervision of Riordan and Parr.

The sensational yield of 1,209 pounds of amalgam from the first four days' milling of Bodie Mine ore produced four bars of gold bullion worth $47,023.19. The impact of the first week's production-run on this ore and how the news was delivered to the San Francisco Stock Exchange is described in a reprint of the account in the *Exchange* on the occasion of the advancement of Bodie Mine stock from $10 to $18 per share: "Mr. William M. Lent, the well known and popular operator, waltzed into the lobby of the stock exchange yesterday morning. . . . It was evident that there was something up in Bodie. He wore salmon-colored kid gloves, and his mustache was elegantly waxed; and he had a telegram in his vest pocket from Col. Boyd. And, the result was that Bodie bounced. . . . Lent was happy when he saw the 'Bears' take the water at $18.00 per share."

Company officials, stockholders, Bodieites, and everybody who had ever heard of the mine were totally unprepared for the haul made from the milling of the first 1,000 tons of this treasure hoard. Mill foreman Parr in his reminiscences puts the cleanup from this run at $601,000.

Such a dramatic golden harvest blurred the sense of the majority who beheld it, and for months to come, thousands of the sane, practical and hardheaded citizens of the mining West fell prey to its golden fantasy. Their thoughts, hopes, and actions were held in the meshes of a dream. This fantastic cleanup ushered in the wild days of August, and no pioneer Bodieite who lived there through those days ever forgot its exhilarating impact on their lives.

By early September '78 the residents of Bodie were in a frenzy. The big cleanup sent the stock zooming above $50 per share. Bodie was overflowing with feverish, sleepless stockholders, and citizens who wished they were stockholders. The camp was swept up in a gold-fever hypnosis.

AS the sun rose Sunday, September 5, 1879 the well-worn slang expression "A man for breakfast" was hardly in keeping with the booted tally laid out on the mortician's cold slab.

At the very hour that bloody, brangling turbulence had erupted in Bodie the night before, forty-odd miles to the north some road agents had collected their toll in the classic manner of "stand and deliver." The Carson to Bodie stagecoach lurched and jolted swiftly ahead of its rolling cloud of dust. As it neared Sulphur Springs, it was brought to a sudden stop by the strident cry, "Halt!"

"The driver stopped and two masked outlaws . . . came up, one on each side of the coach, and ordered the passengers riding outside to 'stick 'em up and come down.' . . . They were disarmed and ordered to stand with their hands up. The door of the coach was opened and passengers ordered out. . . . One of the robbers guarded the passengers with a Henry rifle while the other took the Wells Fargo box from the boot, dragged it about 20 feet and broke it open. Then, taking the contents, he ordered the passengers into the coach," was the report.

As the highwaymen faded into the night the driver cracked his whip, and the packed and jiggery coach bounced on its way. Near the Elbow Ranch, the northbound Bodie-to-Carson stage pulled over to let the heavier-loaded Bodie-bound coach pass. During the moments of this brief stop, driver Billy Hodge and express messengers Mike Tobey and Woodruff, on the northbound coach, learned the nerve-tightening story of what had happend and were alerted for trouble ahead. A few hours later as they approached Dalzells Station, the rifled Wells Fargo box was spotted.

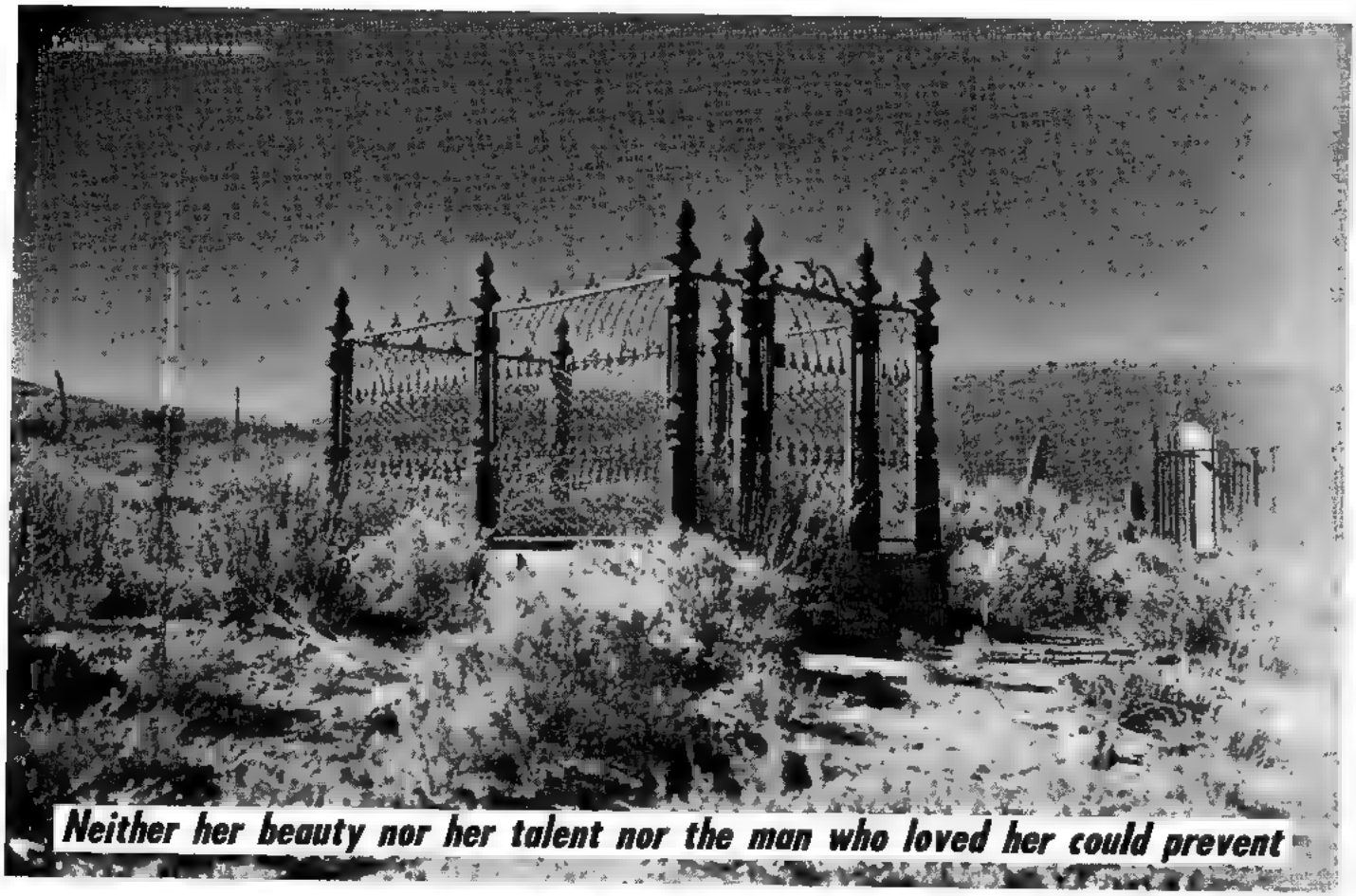
The stage stopped, and Billings, the agent of the stage company, got down to retrieve it. Mike Tobey jumped off and was looking for tracks on a side road that forked behind the stage. One of the robbers, concealed in the brush, sang, "You s.o.b, you're sneaking up on us." He fired, missing Tobey and killing the near lead horse. Tobey ran around the side of the coach, and Billings tossed him his gun. Tobey told the other messenger, Tom Woodruff, who was inside, to come out, and they went to the back end of the coach. One of the robbers came up to the head of the horses where the coach light flashed full upon him. Tobey fired, killing him instantly. As the other robber came up on the other side of the coach, Tom Woodruff took a shot at him, but failed to bring him dawn. This outlaw then fired and wounded Tobey in the left arm.

At this juncture, Billings and Woodruff left the coach with the wounded Tobey to seek aid at nearby Simpson's; however, after proceeding a short dis-

(Continued on page 30)

A few Bodie children "Col' Brat' N' the 4th."

Courtesy Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, by permission of McLaren Forbes



Neither her beauty nor her talent nor the man who loved her could prevent

WHAT BODIE DID TO LOTTIE JOHL

By PETER J. KALTENBACH
Photos Courtesy Author

THE year 1860 saw the organization of the Bodie Mining District, but little in the way of a traditional town appeared until the 1870s. There had been some tents and cabins, but these had been scattered among the hills.

The old Bodie Post Office and Bank Building, circa 1920.

Courtesy Eastern California Museum

By February 1878, however, Bodie had an estimated population of 1,500, and serving these people were seventeen saloons, one newspaper, four barber shops, two butcher shops, a fruit and produce market, a jeweler, two druggists, three doctors, four lawyers, a post office, and fifteen bawdy houses.

As was typical of many Western boom towns, "glory holes" were sunk all over the landscape. Inexperienced miners would stake claims for miles around a promising field. They then would dig frantically hoping to hit paydirt. Old miners called these senseless efforts glory holes since the owner had to be digging for glory rather than gold.

After all the holes had finally been dug, there were only seven or eight really good mines. Of the town's population of 1,500 at least 600 would be unemployed at any given time.

This story concerns Charles Donnelly and a German immigrant named Eli Johl, who ran one of the two butcher shops in Bodie. They had bought out the previous owner and reopened the store as the Central Market. Eli took care of the

dirty work, mainly the slaughtering and packing. Charles Donnelly stood behind the counter in his white apron and waited on the customers.

Eli Johl was a rough, simple man not known for his social climbing. In the evenings when he had no work to do, he would drift down to the town's redlight district looking for a little excitement. He frequented the dance halls which had the liveliest music and the prettiest girls. Perhaps the most beautiful was a girl named Lottie. She had light curly hair, soft hazel eyes, and a mouth that always seemed to be smiling. Eli grew very fond of Lottie. He showered her with jewelry, clothes, money, and lots of attention. She returned his affection, and eventually they were married.

This marriage almost broke up the partnership between Eli and Mr. Donnelly. Mrs. Donnelly was furious. A girl with Lottie's reputation married to her husband's partner! What would the ladies of the town think? But the store went right on doing business and prospering, and as much as her husband disliked the arrangement, he saw no need to dissolve the partnership.

Eli bought a five-room cottage right on Main Street, a few doors north of the store. He furnished it with the best that money could buy—velvet carpets, point-lace curtains and draperies.

The wall decorations were added later, and they were paintings by Lottie. She had had no formal training, but her burning desire to emulate Mrs. Donnelly more than compensated for this lack. If Mrs Donnelly could paint, so could Lottie. Mrs. Donnelly was known locally as quite an art expert and the cultural leader of the town.

Courtesy Eastern California Museum

The deserted main street of Bodie, around 1920.

Eli bought Lottie yards and yards of canvas, an easel, and paints. Her frames were the finest available in Bodie. Lottie's first effort, a rendering of the mountains, was perhaps a bit overdone, but Eli thought the painting was beautiful. He placed it in a huge gold frame with an inner band of red velvet, and hung it proudly in their home. Spurred on only by the praises of her husband, Lottie kept painting until she had covered all the walls with pictures.

Lottie's past, however, followed her into her new life, and she was shunned by all those who called themselves respectable. No one ever came to visit. Lottie must have spent many lonely hours thinking about the gaiety and excitement she had given up when she married Eli. Nevertheless, she would keep trying to prove that a woman can reform.

A giant masquerade ball was being planned. It was to be given in the miners' union hall. Eli saw this as an opportunity to perhaps change the town's opinion of Lottie. He sent to San Francisco for the very finest costume available. She would go to the ball in her beautiful dress and then, when she unmasked, the people would be carried away with her beauty. The ball would be Lottie's coming-out into polite society.

(Continued on page 55)

Eli Johl's home is the white house directly across from the fire station (note bell tower). This photo taken in the late 1920s.

Courtesy Frasher Collection

Portrait of Wilson N. Jones

Choctaw Wilson N. Jones

In business, everything he touched turned to gold — In politics, he held the highest office his people could give — In his personal life, everything he touched turned to tears —

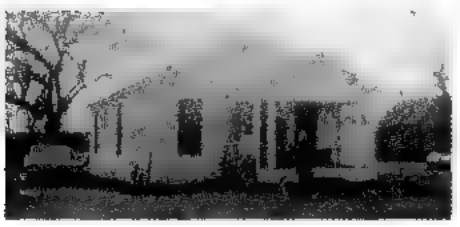
As the Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train pulled out of Denison, Texas, headed north, a salesman looked out the window with just a touch of trepidation. He knew they would soon cross Red River and be in the Indian Territory. Heaven knows Texas was crude enough, but what could he expect in the Territory? His scalp tingled, and he wondered if that might be a premonition. Would he get back home? He had never seen an Indian in his life, except in a Wild West show, and now he was on his way to sell merchandise to the stores there.

His first stop was to be in Caddo, where

Photos Courtesy Author and the Wilson N. Jones Memorial Hospital

Below left, the Wilson N. Jones Memorial Hospital (originally the old Sherman Hospital and Nurses School). At right, Wilson N. Jones Academy, a school for boys, built near Hartshorne, Oklahoma. Jones' administration was responsible for many progressive changes in the educational system.

By ANDREW D. PHILLIPS
Photos Courtesy Author



Above, one of the four houses built from the lumber of the original Jones ranch house. This house was constructed on part of the original foundation. At right, Wilson N. Jones on horse (arrow).

he was to call on the store belonging to Wilson N. Jones. His sales manager had written that Mr. Jones was an important account, having more than one store, and with unlimited credit.

The train crossed Red River, and the salesman could see almost no difference in the country. He saw some substantial houses, some houses he would call sort of "shanty," and few log cabins, but nowhere did he see a teepee.

Where a road was close enough to the tracks, he could see an occasional wagon or buggy. Once he saw a surrey and there were a few men on horses. None of them was carrying any kind of weapon that he could see; none had long hair. All waved at the train—they didn't look like men on the warpath.

The land was rich, and a surprising amount of it was in cultivation. He didn't know much about farming, but could tell a lot of corn and cotton was being grown.

The train stopped at Durant, but his orders were to go on to Caddo and work several small towns in the vicinity by renting a buggy at the livery stable. Durant was one of these villages.

When the train pulled into the station at Caddo, it was met by a rig for a hotel. The salesman left his suitcases in the rig and told the driver to take him to the store owned by Wilson N. Jones.

Outside the store building a number of Choctaw men were gathered. They were dressed about the same way one would expect to see a group of white men anywhere, in a town about this size. One was evidently telling a joke, in Choctaw. When he had finished, the men all laughed loudly. The salesman was surprised. He had thought Indians never laughed, had no sense of humor He took his sample case with him and told the driver to take his luggage to the hotel and tell the clerk he would check in later.

INSIDE the store were several Indian women, talking together while being waited on by a white clerk. The salesman noted the clerk was speaking in what must be Choctaw. He also noticed the women's talk was in a soft language, not guttural or harsh at all, and they too laughed a lot.

In the grocery department, a Choctaw clerk was waiting on a white man. He spoke very good English. The salesman asked him, "Where can I find Mr. Jones?"

The clerk motioned toward a door in the back of the store and said, "In there, in his office."

The salesman opened the door and walked in. A man, obviously Indian but obviously with some white blood, was working at a desk. Behind him a white man was working at another desk, making entries in a large ledger. Ignoring the Indian, the salesman walked up to the white man, handed him a card, shook his hand and asked, "Mr. Jones?"

"No," replied the clerk and motioned to the Indian, "That's Mr. Jones."

More than a little embarrassed, the salesman gave Mr. Jones his card, introduced himself and shook hands. Upon being asked if he could show his samples, Mr. Jones merely grunted, "O.K."

The salesman, at a loss as to how to

(Continued on page 48)

Wilson Jones

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LOST BARKLEY

"No mine ever tried harder not to be lost" and this is the story which couldn't be told till now

By JOHN B. AYMAR
Photos Courtesy Author

Adele Barkley Aymar with her horse. The pick she has shouldered indicated her interest in mining.

THIS true story of a lost mine has, to my knowledge, never been printed except in the original documents presented with this article. I promised my mother, Adele Barkley Aymar, that I would never consider writing this story while she lived, or while she had control of her faculties. She had a fear, and justly so, that as the last living Barkley who had known all the principals connected with the mine, her final years would be made miserable by people who would believe she knew more about the location of the mine than is published here.

My mother—Adele Barkley Aymar—was born in Carson City, Nevada in 1880, one of twelve children, to Mrs. Charles M. Barkley. Her parents had left Baltimore, Maryland in 1861 to seek their fortune on the great mineral lodes of Nevada that first spawned Virginia City, and then hundreds of other camps in the state. One of her brothers, Charles (Bud) Barkley, discovered what is known as the Lost Barkley Mine. Here then, all promises kept, is the complete story of the Lost Barkley as I know it.

Bud Barkley, as a boy and as a man, was never far from the great mines that startled the world with their richness and gave Nevada its statehood. A few miles northeast of Carson City, the first lady of Nevada—Virginia City—sat serene on top of the lode which ultimately produced almost a billion dollars in silver and gold. By 1895 Virginia City had passed her glory, but the thousands of mining men who had fought, cursed, and labored in the incredible heat of the mines could not forget what an exciting mistress she had been, and continued their endless search for another who could take her place.

The great silver discoveries at Tonopah in 1900, and within the next few years, the absurdly rich ledges of Goldfield, Rhyolite, and Rawhide served to keep interest in mining at a fever pitch. There was not a person living in Nevada at that time who did not believe that another "big one" was just around the corner.

Bud Barkley had worked in the mines of Virginia City, but by 1908, the approximate date of his discovery, he was working an an engineer on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad whose main run was the fifty miles from Virginia City to Reno, Nevada, with Carson City about midway.

MINE

The Barkley home in Carson City, Nevada in 1927. The house was torn down in 1947.

Halfway between Carson City and Reno, the trains made regular stops at Franktown, a tiny community at the base of the Carson Range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Bud Barkley was an avid hunter and often used his free travel privilege to ride the V. & T. to Franktown to hunt deer and grouse in the nearby mountains. It was on one of those hunts that he found his mine.

The following five newspaper articles, although undated, appeared in Carson City and Reno newspapers and cover the period from about 1912 to 1919. I can attest that most of the technical details about the mine and the ore described in the articles are correct, although obviously each newspaperman added his personal embellishments to his write-up.

IN SIGHT OF CAPITAL

But Locator Refuses to Divulge Place as Owners Refuse Sale or Lease

Out on the hills that hedge Carson valley, not three miles from the beautiful capital city of Nevada, is an embryo mine which would, if opened up, throw the rich ledges of Goldfield into the shade, would make the Bullfrog country look like thirty cents and by comparison the mines of Fairview, Wonder and Ramsey look like a dirty deuce in a new deck.

Some ten years ago a locomotive engineer who has long made his residence in Carson City was improving his time during a brief vacation by hunting for game west of town. It was just before sundown one afternoon when the engineer stumbled over a knob of rock that was concealed by the ferns, and sprawled on the ground.

He swore, of course, but that did not sufficiently relieve his feelings, and as quick as he could regain his feet he searched for the offending rock and kicked it with malice aforethought and a heavy boot. The result was a piece of the boulder broke away and as it rolled through the ferns the last rays of the sun seemed to catch the glitter of something on the fractured face.

Out of idle curiosity the Nimrod-engineer picked up the fragment and looked it over.

His astonishment was so great that he nearly dropped it, for on every face was gold, dull yellow gold, freckling sides, tantalizingly winking back at the few bars of sunlight that struggled through the tree tops.

Madly he cast it down and with his camp ax dug around the outcrop only to find that there was a ledge of more than three feet in width with well defined walls buried under the mass.

There was no more hunting for him. Marking the spot so he could have no difficulty in locating it again, and covering up his gophering with moss, he hiked for home.

It was late when he reached there but, though worn out, he could not sleep. Tossing and turning till dawn he pictured the wealth of which he would not even tell his wife.

It was well he did not. When morning came he could hardly wait for daylight before visiting the land office and then to his disgust, found that in all probability his discovery was located on ground patented by the Hobart Estate as timberland prior to 1872, a grant of something like 42,000 acres.

Attorneys were employed to see if the title could be invalidated. The best of them gave it up.

He sent lawyers to young Hobart to see if he would sell the land or any part of it. There was nothing doing.

He made a frank statement of his discovery and asked for a lease on the ground on any terms but the best answer he got was "The ground has been sold to us by the United States government. Of course, we will show a fair price if you will show us where the ledge is located but that is all."

Then the engineer swore that he would never divulge the location of the ledge to anyone.

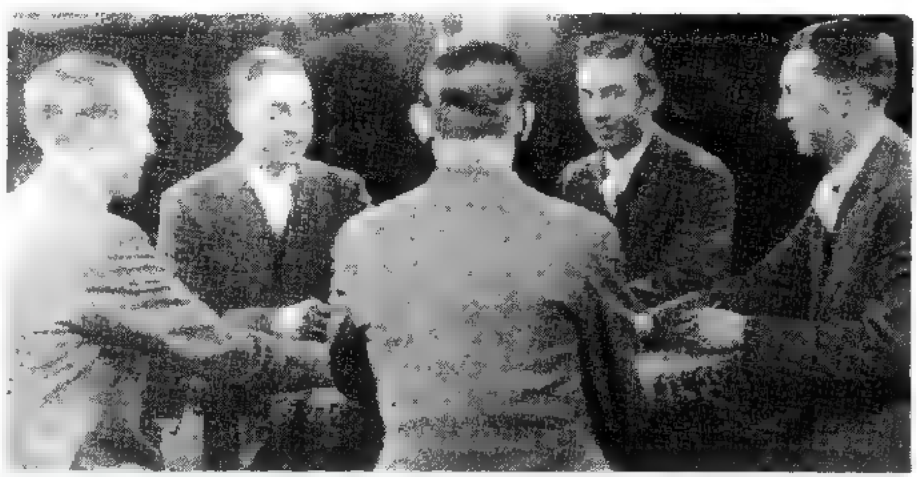
"It will die with me but it will be my secret till then," he said.

He has kept his word. At his home may be seen the big samples of ore from which he has received assays of $47,000 a ton, but though he shows it freely he still says, "The secret is mine. Let them find it if they can but I will never show them where it is."

Detectives and prospectors in the employ of the state have spent years following the footsteps of the engineer in the interests of the Hobart Estate but he is too wary for them. He has never gone back to the spot where he kicked a fortune into sight; but in his dreams he can see it and if the occasion demanded could go to it as unerring as a bee to his hive.

Not five miles from Carson a mine which would make the world wonder, yet the patent law stands between the capital city and such riches.

A "trick" photo of Bud Barkley, Jr., date unknown. Several mirrors placed at the proper angles result in this amusing "group shot."



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MINER REVEALS THE SECRET OF A RICH LEDGE

After three years of vigorous searching for a mine of almost fabulous wealth, the Hobart estate, which owns eleven square miles of land in the Sierra Nevada foothills, concluded to give "Bud" Barclay (*sic*) twenty per cent of all that the mine produced providing he would reveal the location of the ledge to the owners of the property.

It is now nearly four years since Barclay created intense excitement in Carson and Virginia Cities by exhibiting while under the influence of liquor specimens of what was said to be some of the richest gold-bearing quartz ever seen in those parts. Barclay claimed that while chasing a wounded deer he was led into a thicket, where he made his remarkable find. The assay proved to be so fabulously rich as to cause Carson people to doubt the existence of so rich a mineral discovery.

The Hobart estate at the time offered Barclay 10 per cent of all the gold taken out if he would "show down" his mine.

The land in question was taken up under the Congressional act in force prior to 1872, which allowed those taking up timber land to control all mineral found thereon. Thus prospectors were prevented

Old newspaper article (See above).

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from working upon the estate, which was stealthily watched by numerous detectives employed by the Hobart people, with the hope of stumbling upon the discoverer somewhere in the vicinity of his reported gold discovery. Every movement of Barclay was closely watched by sleuths, although he always carried a rifle and threatened to shoot anyone he caught dogging his footsteps. Barclay has at different times, so it is said, routed innocent people out of bed at all hours of the night confronting them with a rifle and making them swear they were not hunting for his mine.

Carson people seem disinclined to believe "Bud's" story of the discovery of the rich ledge. They say that Barclay's uncle knew of the mine and at his death disclosed its location to his nephew. The old man always seemed to have plenty of money without working for it. It is also claimed that the location of the mine has been a secret in the Barclay family for years, until its latest custodian gave the snap away. Had he kept his knowledge of the ledge to himself the property upon which the mine is located could have been bought for $7,000 which would have been readily subscribed by Carson people upon demand.

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CHARLES "BUD" BARKLEY A VICTIM OF PNEUMONIA

Charles (Bud) Barkley, one of the best known Carson-reared men, died at the local hospital early yesterday morning from pneumonia following an attack of influenza. It was known that he was dangerously ill, but hope was entertained for his recovery up to Sunday when he began to sink.

The deceased came to this city early last week to attend the funeral of the late J. M. Reynolds. After his arrival he was stricken with the epidemic and rapidly developed pneumonia. All that was possible was done to save his life in a medical way.

Charles Barkley was a native of Carson City, where he was born fifty years ago. The best part of his life was spent between this city and Virginia City, where he has been employed in the mines and on the local railroad.

He is survived by his wife; one son, Charles Henry; a brother, Eli Barkley of this city; five sisters, Mrs. James Conlin of Oakland, Mrs. William Keyser of Fallon, Mrs. D. E. Morton of Carson, Miss Irene Barkley of Oakland, and Mrs. G. S. Aymar of Auburn, Cal.

Mr. Barkley was a member of the B. P. O. E. and the Brotherhood of Firemen.

His son is serving Uncle Sam in the navy and Mr. and Mrs. Barkley a short time ago went to the City for the purpose of visiting him.

The funeral will be private and will probably be held Wednesday, but a definite time will not be set until the arrival of his son, who is expected on the train this morning.

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DID BUD BARKLEY TELL LOCATION OF REPUTED MINE?

Death of Carsonite Revives Story Of Hidden Treasure

By the death of Charles Barkley in this city, there is brought to mind one of the mysterious mines that either he told of before his death or is lost as far as the real actor is concerned.

Some fifteen years ago Charley (Bud) Barkley came to this city with some of the richest copper-gold ore that was ever displayed to the public. There was not mere handfuls of this rich ore, but sacks of it. Some of it was shipped by Bud and good returns made to him from the smelters. For a long time he made secret trips into the district west of this city and the ore came forth on each occasion. Dozens of friends have seen the ore, heavy in native copper and here and there a studding of free gold.

When his secret find became known to more than one, the knowledge soon became noised about. Bud carefully kept the matter to himself and his occasional trips to the mountains were alone and without the knowledge of others. Finally the trail became too hot and it was found that the rich find was on the Hobart estate ground.

Efforts were made by his friends to intercede and make arrangements with the Hobart people to open up and work the property. Barkley never got what he considered the right share of the find and refused to do business. Gib Douglass, of Virginia, probably knows nearer the location and its value than any man alive as he and Bud were interested to a considerable extent in the property. Whether Bud ever took Mr. Douglass to the find is not known. [Correct spelling Douglas.]

Others helped finance trips to San Francisco in order to put through a deal. Once or twice it seemed that a deal would go through and that the discoverer and those interested would profit by this find.

Barkley always contended that the vein was hidden under a slide or heavy brush, and he seemed to have no fear of others finding it. In fact, he told that he had broken down cropping and buried it under sand and brush; that he came back with the ore in buckboard loads can be testified to by a score of people.

The discovery and the exhibition of the rich ore excited many into secret journeys onto the Hobart ground. The result was that for a time all were ordered off by the owners.

Then came a general chase for the property. The Hobart people sent a party of expert prospectors into the territory. They mapped and pegged every section and quarter section of their holdings, established camps and kept men on the ground from early summer to the time snow drove them out. They never found the property nor did they ever bring in any float that resembled the Barkley find. . . .

Gib Douglas a short time ago stated that if he owned the Little Valley section that he would have all he wanted, as he knew that the Barkley mine was there and that it was the richest thing he ever knew of. Gib may have the secret with him. If so he is the only one that Bud ever let into the real location. If he died with the knowledge of this find it is probably lost for many years, or until some hunter rediscovers it. Bud always contended that he found this rich bed of ore while quail hunting, the bird falling directly onto the ledge.

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MINE MYSTERY IN HIGH SIERRA MAY SOON GIVE UP RICHES

Short History is Written of Natural Bullion Once Found by "Bud" Barkley

Carson, Nev., Aug. 14.—This is a story about a mysterious mine that has been visited by only three people since the early days of the Comstock lode.

It is a story about ore that has been smelted in nature's secret laboratory, turned into bullion containing native copper, pure gold and native silver, worth from a few thousand to many thousands of dollars a ton. It has been spewed out of what appears to be a volcanic vent, three or four feet in diameter, in granite,

ON PROHIBITED

the walls of which glisten like the cave of Aladdin. It is situated not many miles from Lake Tahoe, on the Hobart estate, and the area is covered with a dense growth of manzanita which is hard to penetrate and which masks the surface, according to those to whom the yarn was related years ago.

It was first discovered by an uncle of "Bud" Barkley, who was cutting timber for the Comstock mines. Whether he attempted to gain possession of the ground has not been told, but if so he was unsuccessful. However, just before his death he drew a map of the locality with all the details in his possession and gave it to his nephew, "Bud" Barkley.

The latter, who worked during many years of his life for the V. & T. Railroad, made a long and exhaustive search for the spot, but with no success until one day while camped in the hills with his wife, he shot a grouse for the pot, which landed in the lower branches of a nearby tree, and in recovering it, he stumbled upon the ore and its source.

For a long time, backed by one or two prominent friends, Barkley attempted to secure an option, a lease, or some kind of a concession on the ground from the owners without success. During the period he was able to bring out to his home two or three tons of the marvelous ore, which he sold in small lots for big money, his friends say; and it is related that the Hobart heirs had men on his trail for a long time, hoping that he would lead them to the point of discovery, but they met with no success.

It is claimed that the heirs during the following period spent many thousands of dollars fruitlessly in the search.

Many others have taken a hand in the hunt, but they have been unsuccessful in every instance.

Several years ago the late Col. W. Scott Proskey finally secured a concession, and he put a force consisting of some of the best prospectors in the state in the field, and the ground was gone over symtematically, but the treasure eluded them also.

Barkley has passed on and his wife is said to be the only living person who could lead fortune hunters to the small round hole that is coated with gold, silver and copper in their native state.

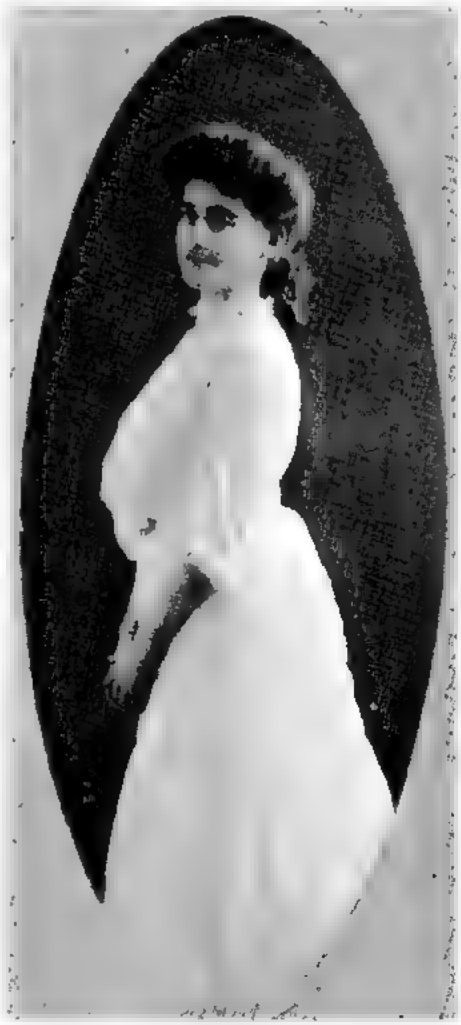
According to rumors in the air, men of money, the Hobart estate heirs, and Mrs. Barkley may form a combination and go after the riches which old-timers are convinced can be made available.

MANY ASSAYS of the Lost Barkley ore were made, and many men have seen or owned specimens of it. The rock is very distinctive in that the gold appears bubbled on the surface rather than as a smear, a flake, or as an intrusion. The quantity of ore removed from the mine is probably not overstated in the articles. My mother once told us that Bud Barkley taxed the patience of the family many times trying to find safe places around the house to store his sacks of ore.

In his *History of Nevada*, Mr. Sam Davis, a conservative historian of Nevada, carefully examined all the facts before concluding in his section on Ormsby County that the story of the mine was true. He predicted that the mine would be one of the great assets of Nevada as soon as an agreement between Bud Barkley and the timber company which owned the land was reached.

The History of Nevada
Edited by Sam P. Davis (1913)
Volume II, Page 983-984

During several years past, ore which carries more than half its weight in gold has been brought to Carson by Bud Barkley from some point in the mountains west of Carson. From the fact that the find lies on land owned by the Hobart estate, acquired by private ownership prior to the mineral reservation act of Congress passed in 1873, reserving all mineral land for locators, the ledge discovered by Barkley can only be worked by permission of the Hobart estate. Some of the gold exhibited in Carson was so phenomenally rich as to resemble the product of a furnace. Numerous attempts have been made to induce Barkley to disclose the location of the ledge, but without success. Several attempts have also been made to enter into some arrangement with the Hobart estate by which the mine could be developed and worked on shares. Numerous agreements have been drawn by the Hobart estate attorneys for Barkley to sign. Whenever these contracts have been submitted to Barkley's legal advisors they have deterred him from signing on the ground that the contract invariably contained jokers to ultimately deprive him of all interest in the property. Meanwhile the Hobarts have put scores of prospectors in the field to find the gold ledge, which is supposed to be worth millions of dollars. For awhile many people supposed the ledge was a "pipe dream" of Barkley's. This idea, however, was dissipated when he confided his secret to Alexander Ardery, Superintendent of the V. & T. R. R. Co. He took him to the spot where he made the original discovery and showed it to him that some one might know the locality in case of his death. Mr. Ardery confirms Mr. Barkley's statement that one of the richest gold ledges ever discovered lies in the Sierra mountains but a few miles from Carson City.



Adele Barkley Aymar as a young girl, about 1898.

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PLACER MINING IN NEVADA
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
BULLETIN
Vol. XXX *May 15, 1936* *No. 4*

Little Valley, in which profitable placers were found, lies in the southwestern corner of Washoe County. The valley occupies a narrow trough four miles long, having a north and south axis, on the eastern slope of the Sierras at an altitude of 6,500 feet. Although Little Valley adjoins the Voltaire District of Ormsby County on the south, it is wholly in Washoe County and does not constitute a part of any organized mining district. The placer deposits were worked in the early days and the total yield is reported to have been in the neighborhood of $100,000. Evidence of the early-day activity can be seen in the piles of boulders and old shafts five miles southwest of Franktown.

Aside from their economic importance, the placer deposits are interesting from a geological viewpoint, as they occur in a Tertiary river channel. This ancient channel has been traced from a point near Incline on Lake Tahoe to a point a short distance east of the south shore of Washoe Lake, a distance of nearly eight miles. In places the river gravels are overlain by flows of rhyolite and andesite. The gravels consist of well-rounded pebbles and boulders, some of the latter being 30 inches in diameter. The gravels were derived from the bedrock mass of the Sierras and consist of quartzite, schist, granodiorite, and other rocks. The most productive part of the channel was in Little Valley, five miles southwest of Franktown. It is reported that placer gold having a value of $60,000 was taken from one pocket. Mining was hindered by the large amount of water and a number of faults, which displaced the gravels.

In 1935 two men were prospecting in the vicinity of the old workings on ground belonging to the Hobart Estate. Water for sluicing was obtained from Franktown Creek, which flows the year 'round.

AS I stated in the beginning, all the principals are now gone and to my knowledge no maps of the location of the

(Continued on page 53)

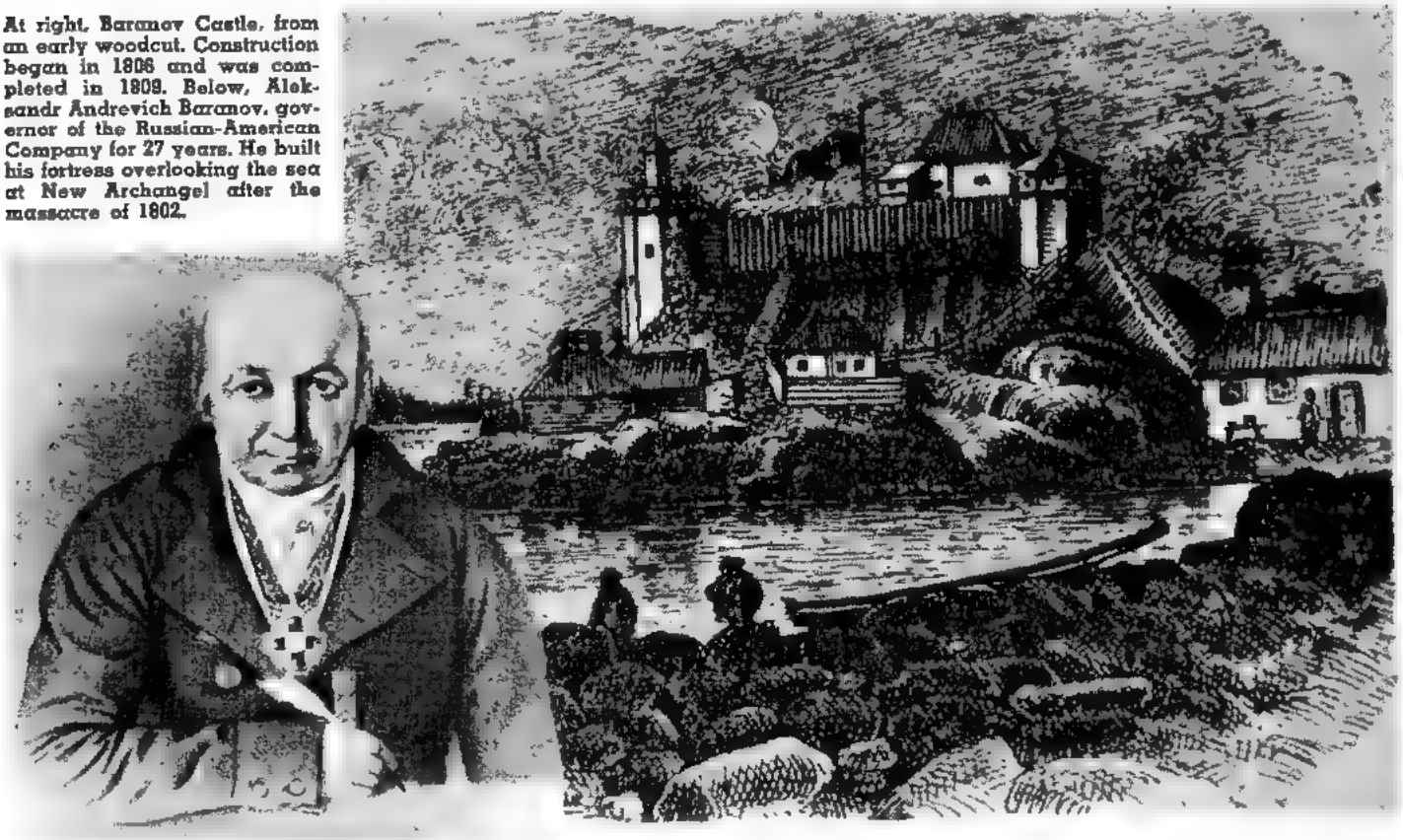
St. Michael's Cathedral, located at the end of Indian Avenue in Sitka, Alaska. Recently destroyed by fire, it was considered one of the finest examples of Russian architecture in the country.

By MAURICE KILDARE
Photos Courtesy Author

ANNA PETROVNA'S

Did just one pretty Russian create this legend, or is the ghost a composite of

At right, Baranov Castle, from an early woodcut. Construction began in 1806 and was completed in 1809. Below, Aleksandr Andreevich Baranov, governor of the Russian-American Company for 27 years. He built his fortress overlooking the sea at New Archangel after the massacre of 1802.



Above, Margaretha and Adolphus Paulovitch Etholen. The Count was sent by the Tsar to serve as governor of the Russian-American Company.

GHOST

several tragic figures?

ONE October midnight in 1867, Army Chaplain Cramer, sleeping in the northeast bedroom of Baranov's Castle, suddenly opened his eyes. The ghostly figure of a beautiful young woman, a soft light glowing behind her head, was standing by the bedside. She was attired in a blue flowing gown, wearing a silver crown on her yellow hair, and holding a flickering candle in her left hand. Dazed by her abrupt appearance, Cramer rose in obedience to her beckoning finger, following her up the winding stairs into a cupola on the roof. The candle light revealed an expression of extreme sadness on the girl's face.

When a watchman called out loudly in the dark night, "One o'clock and all is well," she vanished, leaving the chaplain to make his way back to his bed in the gloom. Cramer was unable to sleep the balance of the night.

The next day he related his strange experience to a mission priest who had been in Russian Alaska a long time. The priest solemnly nodded his head. Yes, it was a tragic incident. In 1840 the Tsar had sent Count Adolphus Paulovitch Etholen to serve as governor of the Russian-American Company. Etholen and his wife brought with them to Alaska a rich orphaned niece, Princess Olga Federovna, who soon fell in love with a young naval officer stationed at New Archangel (renamed Sitka after U.S. purchase).

Their romance, unfortunately, infuriated an old roue, Prince Ivan Sargovotch Peploff, and he contrived to send the young officer on an exploring expedition to the northern coast of Alaska. After more than three months of badgering Etholen the aged prince succeeded in marrying the governor's ward against her will.

On the night of the wedding feast the young officer returned to New Archangel where he learned the news and went at once to Princess Olga. They kissed and embraced passionately, then committed suicide while the guests looked on in horror.

This is indeed a sad story but it isn't quite true. It appeared in *The Lady in Blue, A Sitka Romance* by John Arctander, a novel published in Seattle in 1911. There *was* a chaplain with the troops sent to take over Alaska in 1867, and he was quartered in Baranov's Castle, but his name was O. J. Raynor. The only right name used in the novel was that of Etholen, who was governor from 1840 to 1845. But neither he nor his wife had a niece named Olga Federovna.

THE STORY of a ghost haunting Baranov's Castle originated much earlier than 1840. One version told by Russians described the ghost as the beautiful daughter of some manager of the Russian-American Company who killed herself in an observation post of a glassed-in cupola on the roof.

Aleksandr Andrevich Baranov was governor of the company for twenty-seven years. He built a fortress after the massacre of 1802 overlooking the sea at New Archangel. Construction was begun in 1806 and completed in 1809. Thereafter it was better known as "Baranov's Castle."

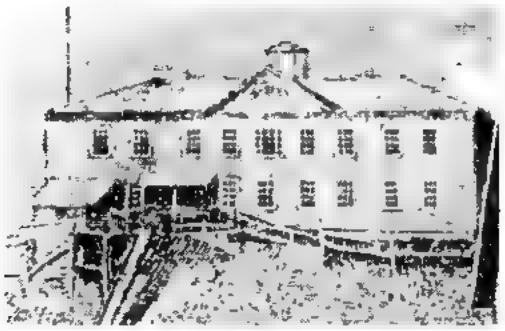
The last few years of his life were beset by trouble concocted by jealous vengeful enemies. Baranov was physically tired, suffering with arthritis and other infirmities. He drowned his sorrows in drink day after day.

He was under the influence of alcohol when the exploring expedition left New Archangel September 8, 1808 or the tragedy of Anna Petrovna would never have occurred. She was the beautiful eighteen-year-old wife of Nikolai Bulygin. They lived in Baranov's Castle as soon as one wing was finished, occupying a northeast bedroom. The expedition was under the command of Bulygin in an ex-Yankee brig renamed the *Saint Nicholas*.

Yellow-haired Anna Petrovna possessed a man's lust for adventure, and Bulygin loved her so devotedly he could not deny her request to accompany him. The expedition was composed of seventeen men (most of them Aleut Indians), three Aleut women, and Anna Petrovna.

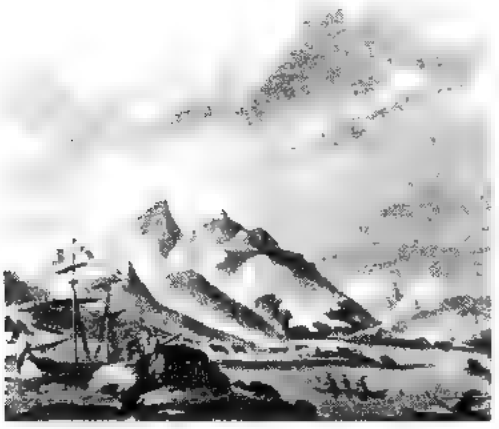
Only the fur trader and super-cargo,

The uppermost building is Baranov Castle; below it, the Counting House. At right, a barracks building. Photo believed taken about 1893.



A woodcut by an unknown artist depicting Baranov Castle about 1893.

Vasilii Tarakanov, objected to her presence. He pointed out the danger to be encountered while looking for a site to locate a fort. Tarakanov, a carpenter and metalsmith, had been in the Alaska colony for more than ten years. After being taken prisoner during the Tlingit Indian massacre of the New Archangel garrison in 1802 and spending two years in captivity, he had been ransomed by a fur-trading Yankee captain from Boston.



Above, another woodcut showing Unalaska, in the Aleutian Islands, during Baranov's time. Below, Kodiak, Alaska about 1800.

While sailing below the Strait of Juan de Fuca the *Saint Nicholas* was becalmed for four days near an island afterwards named Destruction. Then a southwest gale struck suddenly. Three anchors would not hold. The vessel was carried among the sharp, rocky ledges and wrecked on the mainland near the mouth of Quillayute River, near present-day La Push. The *Saint Nicholas* came to grief on November 1.

The crew managed to salvage some equipment, and a beach camp was made, but very soon Quillayute Indians surrounded them. They were attracted by the sight of white people, especially Anna Petrovna who was the first white woman in the Pacific Northwest, now Oregon and Washington.

Bulygin's men were careful not to offend the Indians even when they tried to steal a musket and other valuable gear. But during the fracas more Indians joined the first offenders, throwing spears and stringing arrows. Several of the crew were wounded and they were forced to shoot three Indians before the rest fled into the timber.

BULYGIN ordered the party to start walking overland to Grays Harbor seventy miles to the south. His hope was to meet Ivan Kuskov, who was coming up from the south in the *Kodiak*. The shipwreck victims could carry only a few personal belongings, clothing, two muskets and a pistol for each man. Slings were made to carry powder, shot, axes, and other tools.

Meanwhile the Quillayutes, thirsting for revenge, skulked along their back trail looking for an opportune moment to strike. They coveted the blonde Russian girl because she would bring a high price when traded as a slave to some other tribe.

The Indians kept out of sight until the whites came to the Hoh River, which was too deep to wade. From a village there of about one hundred Indians, Bulygin hired two dugout canoes with paddlers. A crossing was attempted on November 7 during a heavy rain, with the women being sent first

The Indian paddlers had reached the center of the stream when they suddenly unplugged some holes cut in the bottom of the canoe and jumped overboard. Simultaneously hostile Indians lined the opposite riverbank, throwing spears and shooting arrows. The Russian party tried to fire their muskets to protect the women but the firearms were wet. They were forced to recharge—a delay tantamount to disaster. Two Aleuts were wounded and a Russian killed. Swimming Indians propelled the canoe carrying Anna Petrovna and the Aleut women to shore, then quickly disappeared.

The male survivors took refuge on a cliff to guard against another attack, which did not materialize.

SOON after, Bulygin seemed to go insane over the enslavement of his wife, and Tarakanov was elected temporary leader. He led a raid on an Indian village on November 14 but found it uninhabited. The plan to go overland to Grays Harbor was abandoned, and winter quarters were built on the cliff near the river's headwaters.

Chief Utra-Makah offered to ransom Anna Petrovna, and Tarakanov engaged in a powwow about it. He even saw and talked to Anna Petrovna. At the chief's orders she advised them to give up their muskets and other gear, and surrender. She said the Indians had promised they would be well treated.

Bulygin wanted to give up at once, saying they could not resist. The majority, however, refused although they well knew the risk. In the end, Tarakanov, Bulygin, Kozma Ovchinnikov, and three Aleuts surrendered.

Instead of good treatment, Utra-Makah provided torture and starvation. Early the next spring the survivors built a boat and began floating downriver. When they reached the open sea, the boat struck a rock and sank. The men barely made it ashore with their lives—worse, the Quillayutes, who had watched them from hiding all this time, simply met them on the beach and again made them captive.

As the favorite wife of Utra-Makah, Anna Petrovna was allowed a few privileges and treated fairly well, but this ended when she was traded to a village chief on the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Periodically tormented and starved, after months of abject misery she died the following August, a suicide.

News that Anna Petrovna had succumbed eventually reached the camp where Bulygin was held prisoner. The young officer lost any desire to live, and died soon after.

In May 1810, thirteen of the party were ransomed from the Indians by Captain John Brown of the brig *Lydia*. Apparently Brown employed force to get them released. Later two other survivors were ransomed near the Strait of Juan de Fuca by Captain George Ayers of the ship *Mercury*.

The fifteen survivors of the exploring expedition returned to New Archangel on June 9, 1810 after an absence of twenty-one months.

Tarakanov, who could not write, was assigned a clerk to whom he dictated an account of the disaster and what befell each member of the expedition for the Russian-American Company. Thus we have a written account of the first white woman to set foot on the shores of the Pacific Northwest, and the tragic circumstances under which she died.

That winter saw the beginning of rumors that Baranov's Castle was haunted. Before the next spring the ghost was identified and described as none other than Anna Petrovna. The romanticists claimed that her spirit had returned to Baranov's Castle because she had spent the happiest year of her life there. From the beginning it was said she appeared in or about the northeast bedchamber which she had occupied with Bulygin. The grief she displayed was attributed to the tragic loss of her husband. She blamed his death on her insistence to be included in the expedi-

(Continued on page 38)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

WESTERN ART

"Illustrators are as truly historians as writers," claims Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes in the introduction to his *Fifty Great Western Illustrators* (Northland Press, $35.00). The bibliographic check lists of the printed works of the fifty artists included totals over seven thousand entries and are enhanced with ninety-three illustrations including nine in color. Frederic Remington, with over fifteen hundred entries, leads the pack; N.C. Wyeth's list tops four hundred; Tom Lea's, three-hundred; Jose Cisneros, Nick Eggenhofer and Alfred Jacob Miller, each over two hundred. A dozen or more of the other artists contributed to over one hundred books of Western history, biology, narratives, memoirs, fiction and verse or to the dust jackets for them. The only real great Western artist illustrator who is not represented in the book is Charles M. Russell, and Jeff tells why—a great Russell bibliography by another Old Bookaroo, Fred Renner, appeared not long ago. While this book will have limited appeal to the general reading public it is a must for dealers, librarians and those collectors interested in Western art. It is a handsome volume and for the dedicated there is a Collectors Edition of two hundred numbered and signed copies, interleaved for additional entries, in a slipcase at $90.00.

COWTOWN

Changing West (H & T Quality Printing, Miles City, Montana, $8.25) compiled by James and Mildred Speiser and Johnnie and Gertrude Gilman is the history of Ekalaka, Montana; David Harrison Russell, its founder and descendants of the Russell family. The book is a compilation of historical sketches of the Northern Plains including buffalo, buffalo hunters, Teton Sioux, Chief Red Cloud, Chief Sitting Bull, and early impressions of Eastern Montana. Ekalaka obtained its name from "Ijkalaka," the name of the Indian wife of David Russell, an early pioneer rancher of the area. Russell's life is treated in some detail and presents a colorful example of hardy pioneers of the Plains. But, in total, the book is more of a genealogy of family and friends and descendants of Russell. The many photos, sketches, dates and names form a source of material on a rather remote area which will prove of value beyond family and friends for whom it was obviously written. The personalized style, poems, and deep sense of family bind the material into far more than a compilation of information.

BUTCH COMES HOME

Lula Parker Betenson told her story of her brother, Robert LeRoy Parker, to Dora Flack. *Butch Cassidy, My Brother* (Brigham Young University Press, $7.95) is the result. Sister Lula does not condone Butch's crimes and tries hard to understand why he took that road. She provides much information about the family and briefly covers Butch's early brushes with the law. His leadership of the Wild Bunch and the robberies are covered but from the written accounts. The climax of Sister Lula's story is the homecoming of Butch in the fall of 1925 (many years after his reported death in South America). Butch's father was eighty-one and Butch had been away for forty-one years. Butch spent nearly two weeks in Utah with the members of his family but asked them to keep the visit a secret. This they did for many years. Butch died in 1937 (a year before his father) but Mrs. Betenson does not reveal his burial place. There seems to be little reason to doubt this record of the return of the prodigal and her memories of the accounting Butch gave the family of the years after he left South America. It is a distinctive contribution to the growing saga of the Wild Bunch. Recommended.

GREAT DOBIEANA!

J. Frank Dobie wrote many books, edited the Texas Folklore publications, turned out a weekly newsletter column and contributed to numerous magazines. He also lent a helping hand to other writers by writing prefaces, forewords or introductions for their books. Mrs. (Miss Bertha) Dobie selected a number of "lead in" writings to include in *Prefaces* (Little Brown, $7.95) and wrote a brief introduction for it just a few weeks before she died. As an old Dobie buff this reviewer can but applaud her choices—just about all my favorites are included. "Andy Adams, Cowboy Chronicler" did much to reawaken the interest of a new generation of readers in the writings of an extraordinary recorder of range life. "Belling the Lead Steer" is about this reviewer's old friend Jack Potter, and "A Salute to Gene Rhodes" is great on the best of the cow country novelists. "The Conservatism of Charles M. Russell" and "A Summary Introduction to Frederic Remington" give insight into the art of our two greatest western artist-illustrators. The foreward to *Sheep* by Archie Gilfillan is an eloquent apology by an author who had written in 1941 "that I don't know one (sheep or goat book) good one to set down." "The Gauchos and Horses of Hudson and Graham" is my favorite since it explained my preference for the writing of Hudson. The others are good—the quality throughout is there—it is a great book.

WRITERS' CRAFT

Gerald W. Haslam turned in a pretty fair line-up for his famous Western authors explaining their craft in *Western Writing* (University of New Mexico, $3.50). Any time you can cram Barney DeVoto, Pancho Dobie, Wallace Stegner, George Stewart, Bud Guthrie, Vardis Fisher, Hutch Hutchinson, David Lavender and J. Golden Taylor between the covers of a 156-page book you've got a winner. Add the critical looks of John R. Milton, John G. Caweltic, Max Westbrook and editor Haslam, and any reader will know more about the skills necessary to capture the West on the printed page. Enjoyable and informative.

CLASSIC READER

The Southwest Review Reader (SMU Press, $7.95) contains many of the gems that appeared in the pages of the *Southwest Review* in its first half century. They were chosen by Margaret L. Hartley, erudite member of the staff for many years and for the last ten, the editor. Paul Horgan, Alice Marriott, Walter Prescott Webb, J. Frank Dobie, Roy Bedichek, Mary Austin, and Lawrence Clark Powell are among the prose writers represented in this excellent collection. Haniel Long, Witter Bynner and John Gould Fletcher are the poets best known by this reviewer to have verse in it. Dr. Allen Maxwell, former editor, wrote the foreword. Very good.

COIN FINDERS

Successful Coin Hunting (Ram Publishing Co., P.O. Box 38464, Dallas, Texas 75238 $5.95) was written by Charles Garrett, authority on advanced metal detecting equipment and one of the most successful coin hunters and all-round treasure seekers. Charles explains that he wrote the book to pass on the things he has learned about coin hunting. He spins a number of interesting stories about his own experiences and those of his friends. However, the most valuable pages in the book are those devoted to the equipment to use in coin hunting; in this field he is expert—he was voted the 1973 Manufacturer of the Year at the annual treasure hunters' convention in Oklahoma City. The illustrations are good. Recommended.

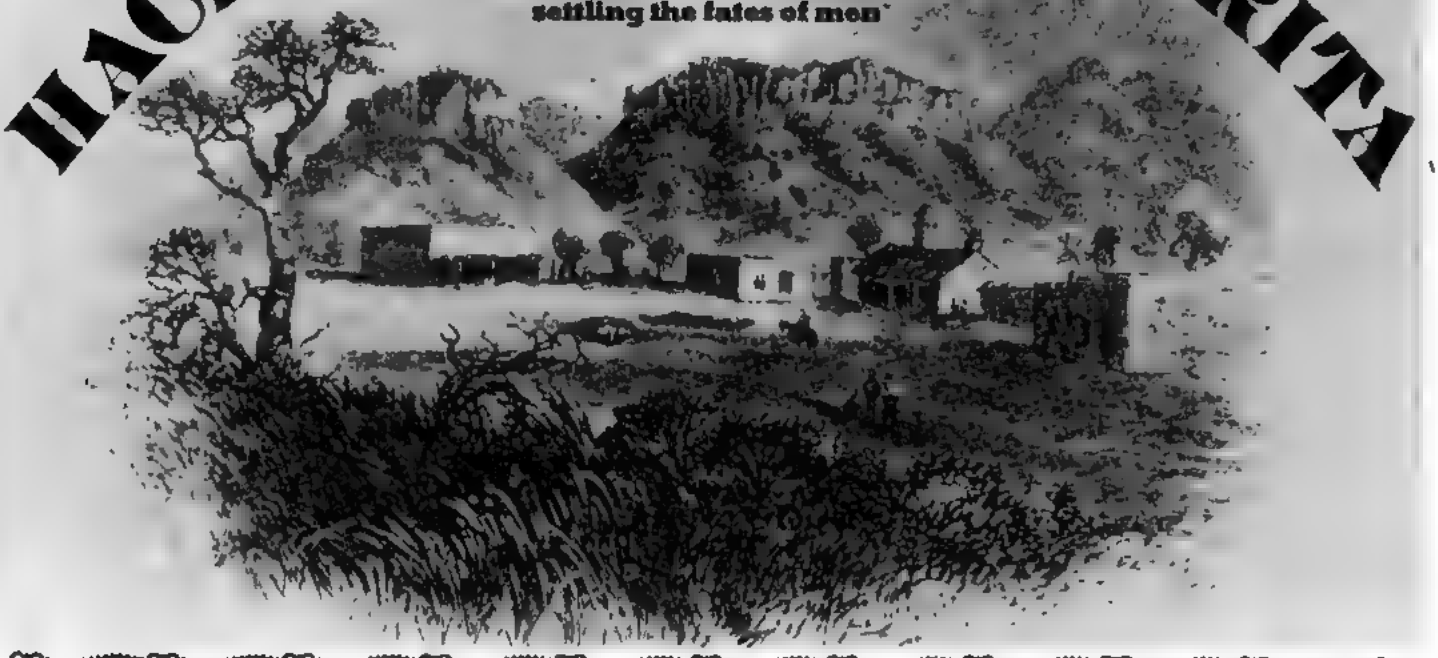
UP-DATED HORSE CLASSIC

The Horse of the Americas (University of Oklahoma Press, $9.95) is a revised and enlarged edition of Robert M. Denhardt's classic of 1947. Despite three printings before 1950, the book has been OP for nearly a quarter of a century and

(Continued on page 60)

HACIENDA DE SANTA RITA

—an eerie place where Life and Death tossed a pure silver coin in settling the fates of men



Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

Hacienda de Santa Rita, supposedly sketched by H. C. Grosvenor himself.

By ORVILLE FOSTER
Photos Courtesy Author

The cracked headstone of H. C. Grosvenor. It reads: Killed by Apaches, 1861.

IN a lonely and deserted graveyard at the southwestern edge of the Santa Rita Mountains in southern Arizona is a cracked and fallen headstone inscribed, "H. C. Grosvenor killed by Apaches 1861."

A couple of hundred yards away, hidden in the mesquite, cactus, and rocks of this desolate but beautiful valley between the Santa Ritas and the Grosvenor Hills, are the ruins of Hacienda de Santa Rita, an old mining settlement. In 1860 this camp was the western home of the ill-fated Santa Rita Mining Company which had been formed in Cincinnati, Ohio in the spring of 1858.

The Gadsen Purchase of 1854, plus the many tales of fabulous Spanish silver mines, had attracted Yankee mining men and adventurers to this area of Arizona, which at that period was still part of New Mexico Territory.

When Raphael Pumpelly, fledgling engineer, arrived to join H. C. Grosvenor, Superintendent at the Hacienda, the town of Tucson, sixty miles to the north, had approximately 1,000 people. Close by to the northwest and over a range of hills, the old town of Tubac was also experiencing a small boom. Its population was estimated to be about 800.

The census of 1860 put the figure for Hacienda at 20. Its buildings consisted of a large storehouse, blacksmith shop, carpentry shop and five small dwellings for Mexican miners. Evidently the main house where the few Americans stayed was about 100 yards distant.

THE Santa Rita Mining Company was a subsidiary of the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company which owned 4,500 of the Santa Rita's 10,000 shares. Several famous names were connected with the Sonora Mining Company management—Charles Debrille Poston, often called the "Father of Arizona"; Sam Colt of revolver renown; and two German mining men, Frederick Bronckow and Heintzelman. (A silver mine, north of Arivaca, was named for Heintzelman and produced rich ore for the main company.) Another key man in this organization was William Wrightson, a famous figure of these early times. Mount Wrightson, locally called "Old Baldy" and the highest peak in this section, bears his name. It looms, forbiddingly dark, to the north of the Hacienda de Santa Rita.

A sister peak, Mount Hopkins, is the present-day site of a Smithsonian Observatory which among other duties

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

Above, Horace C. Grosvenor. Below, Raphael Pumpelly in middle age.

tracks satellites. This mountain was named after a surveyor slain by Apaches on Sonoita Creek south of the Hacienda de Santa Rita.

Pumpelly, fresh from the Royal Saxon School of Mining in Germany, had been warned by Poston of the dangers he would face in his new undertaking, but Pumpelly later conceded that he had had no real conception of the magnitude of his job.

Most of what we know concerning the happenings at Santa Rita and the men who lived and worked there comes from the capable and lively writing of Pumpelly, who had several articles and books published. He was a tall, lean twenty-three-year-old with blue eyes and bright red beard.

Grosvenor was described by Pumpelly as an artistic, sensitive, and reflective man. The little settlement's blacksmith, however, *Burch (alias Rogers)*, was apparently a villain of classic proportions. Some thought he was an escaped convict from Australia. Rogers boasted of having killed eighteen people. Then to prove his thoroughly evil story he would produce a string of thirty-six human ears. For shock effect, as if the ears were not enough, the blacksmith would vow to make the number an even fifty before he was through.

Subsequently, Rogers was accused of killing six men at El Paso. He was caught and, in an effort to make the punishment fit the crime, he was "hanged by the heels over a slow fire and his own ears made the 25th pair."

AN ARTICLE by Pumpelly in *Putnam's Magazine* of October 1869 stated, "The object of the Santa Rita Co. was to reopen the old mines and extract the immense quantities of silver with which they were credited by Mexican tradition."

Reportedly as early as 1726, Papago Indians under the direction of the friars, had worked the Santa Rita properties, the best known of which was and is the Salero Mine. There are also stories of the legendary mine at Arizonac near Guevavi, just south of the present Arizona line. Called "Planchas de Plata," its native silver was alleged to have been found in huge plates or balls, one of which weighed nearly 3,000 pounds.

Tales such as these gave impetus to prospecting and mining efforts in southern Arizona and no doubt helped lure Eastern capital. The Santa Rita Company through stock sales raised $31,000 in March 1860 but this didn't go very far. The company was soon $22,000 in debt.

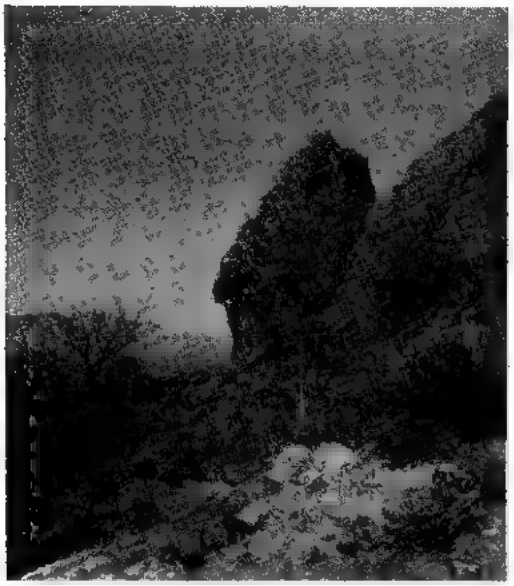
We have no record of Grosvenor's

Photo Above and Below Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

Below, the entrance to the present-day Salero Ranch. The location of Hacienda de Santa Rita is several hundred yards to the left of the ranch house. At bottom, the building where most of the smelting of silver ore took place.

salary but do know that Pumpelly was to receive $1,500 a year. Mexican workmen at the crude adobe smelters, constructed under Pumpelly's direction, made $1.00 for a twelve-hour day; miners $15.00 a month. Each workman was given a weekly ration of sixteen pounds of flour.

Pumpelly's principal duty seems to have been managing the metallurgical part of the operation, and he had to start from scratch. Wood for charcoal, fireproof furnace materials, machinery and power were required. All of this was hard to come by in frontier Arizona. From the very first there was trouble with Indians. Then as the Civil War developed, conditions went from bad to desperate. In 1861 the defenses of the territory were



"Point of Rocks," about 2 miles from Santa Rita toward Tubac. It was near here that Grosvenor's body was found.

critically weakened by the withdrawal of Union troops.

Fort Buchanan, some twenty miles to the northeast of the Hacienda, was in a state of near panic. It was abandoned in July and its supplies burned. Confederate troops were approaching, intent on gaining control of the Arizona silver mines. Sensing the disarray, Apaches were out in force, raiding unprotected settlers.

At the Hacienda de Santa Rita, one raid netted "40 or 50 fine horses and mules," Pumpelly wrote. "Several times during that first winter and spring of 1960-61 we were attacked by Apaches and our mines were the scene of more fighting than any other part of the territory."

Short of money and in dire straits because of their exposed position, there was nothing to do but prepare to abandon the Santa Rita mines. First, however, they had to get money to pay off the restless men.

Grosvenor and Pumpelly decided that the latter would go alone to the Heintzelman mine to try to collect a debt. After the hazardous forty-mile trek Pumpelly had to take payment in $2,000-per-ton silver ore rather than cash.

The old post office at Alto, Arizona, built in 1905. It was originally the home of Josiah Bond.

TWO MEXICANS, classified as trustworthy, were dispatched with the wagonload of rich rock. Pumpelly made the return journey far ahead of the wagon. The following day, when the freighters were long overdue, Pumpelly and Grosvenor jumped to the conclusion that the two Mexicans, realizing what a rich cargo they carried, were headed for Mexico.

The two provisioned themselves for a long pursuit and were heavily armed. Pumpelly carried a shoulder gun weighing about eighteen pounds. He reported that it had two barrels, one for a large ball; the other one for a smaller size.

They rode back along the Tubac road to the west. As they came to the crest of some small hills they were surprised to see the Mexicans and ore wagon approaching. The decision was made against continuing down to the pair as this would simply reveal that they had been suspected of treachery. Ashamed of themselves, Grosvenor and Pumpelly returned to the Hacienda.

But at twilight the drivers still hadn't appeared. This was April 25, 1861. Horace Grosvenor walked back along the road in the lengthening shadows, through the mesquite, cactus, and acacias, to see what had caused the delay.

Perhaps hindsight misleads us, but it seems incredible that the man should retrace his steps alone in the late afternoon

Santa Rita Cemetery.

in view of the many savage Indian forays.

Grosvenor did not return. Pumpelly, accompanied by the bookkeeper, Robinson, found his body later that evening lying naked in the road.

With a chilled horror that never left him, Pumpelly recalled that, "The head of the murdered man lay in a pool of blood; two lance wounds through the throat had nearly severed it from the body which was pierced by a dozen other thrusts. He had also been shot through the left breast." The site of the tragedy was described as being two miles from the Hacienda near "Point of Rocks." The next day the two teamsters were found stripped of life and possessions. The Apaches had no use for the silver ore.

A lesser man would have packed a few belongings on a fast horse and headed for Tucson and points east, but Pumpelly immediately turned to the task of smelting bullion from the stockpile of ore so that the laborers could be paid. The rock was crushed in an arrastre and smelted in a "reverberating furnace made of sun-dried adobe," a common Mexican mining practice.

Three frantic weeks were spent cutting wood and burning charcoal before the smelting started. "The whole Mexican force slept on their weapons around the brilliantly illuminated outdoor furnaces, taking turns at working, sleeping, and patrolling, receiving rations of diluted alcohol sufficient to increase their courage without making them drunk."

Pumpelly and the few other Americans had been warned of possible trouble on completion of the silver extraction. Watchdogs were picketed at strategic points to warn of marauders. Often, though, the workmen would be fired upon from a distance. Pumpelly reported that his "chief smelter" was killed in this manner and that he had to take the man's place until another could be trained.

After the final process and the silver had been refined from argentiferous lead, the bars were loaded while still warm and taken in all haste to Tubac. Presumably, the Mexicans were paid with bullion while under the watchful eye of the heavily armed Americans.

The trials and tribulations at the Hacienda de Santa Rita covered approximately eight hectic and tragic months. Raphael Pumpelly made a nostalgic return, fifty-four years later, in March 1915. Seventy-eight years old and by then a world-traveled geologist, mining engineer, and author, he stayed overnight at the large adobe home of Josiah Bond in Alto, Arizona. Alto was a mining community that had developed later, about two miles from the Hacienda.

Josiah Bond, himself a mining engineer and a poet, was a kindred soul. He and Pumpelly enjoyed a lively evening of talk and reminiscing. Bond's daughter, Hope Creswell, lives in Patagonia, Arizona and faintly remembers the famous man's visit.

THE HACIENDA never recovered from its abandonment. Even the newer Alto is gone except for a few ruins. Josiah

(Continued on page 57)

OLD NIG

By HENRY VOSS, JR.
Photos Courtesy Author

Some horses are unforgettable—for their grace, speed, loyalty braininess, whatever. Other horses are just unforgettable...

IN about 1910 or 1911 my grandfather bought a ranch in Cherry County, Nebraska. He had a son, Henry Wrage, that he established on the ranch, as Grandmother had been dead for a couple of years and Grandad was getting along in years too. He wanted to slow down.

My grandfather had been a stowaway on a boat from Germany at the age of seventeen. He left home rather than go to a compulsory military establishment. I remember a few of his stories. He rode a mule on a Texas to Nebraska cattle drive. Once when he was working on a farm near Omaha he was out in a field plowing. He had heard some wild Indian stories and he looked up the hillside and there was an Indian coming his way. He knew he couldn't talk with him since German was all he knew at that time and he wanted to run but thought better of that so he just stood his ground.

The Indian came over to him and as he drew near he caught a field mouse, pulled it in two, and offered Grandad half of it. In the first place, my grandfather had a weak stomach, so the mouse wasn't too appetizing; on the other hand, he didn't want to offend the guy. Somehow he got it across that he wasn't hungry, so the friendly new neighbor ate it all.

Finally Grandad got on his feet financially and started farming and feeding cattle and sheep. He bought feeder cattle in Cherry County, mostly from around Wood Lake which was quite a popular cowtown and still is. He loved horses and he also loved to hunt ducks, so a trip to Wood Lake was a combination of business and pleasure. In fact, he liked Cherry County so much he started looking around for a ranch. The Nelson spread, twenty-five miles south of Wood Lake, was his choice; it had around 10,000 acres of good range and some very good hay land, along with a band of broom-tailed mares.

My father and mother moved to Cherry County too, and bought a homestead relinquishment of 640 acres. We had to wait a couple of months before the folks vacated the homestead; then they left a family in the house and didn't tell us anything about it. We moved in the house, and had a heck of a time getting them to move. We thought we might have to burn them out, but Mother finally won the battle. The family is well known to most old-timers—their name is BEDBUGS!

A year later, on March 13, I got a scare I will never forget, though I was only four. We saw a prairie fire from the south headed for our house. Dad and a neighbor went to it and by dark had it cornered at a cornfield and it didn't get to our house. They thought the fire was out, but as Dad and the neighbor were coming home, a dark cloud appeared to the northwest. The wind switched and blew real strong, followed by rain turning to snow. The fire got going again, and for about fifty miles outran the rain. It finally died out near the town of Brewster, some sixty miles from where it started. That storm was the worst I can remember. Lakes were open, and thousands of cattle drifted into them and perished.

MY uncle Henry Wrage, brought a stallion from near Omaha to run with the mares on the ranch. "Old Sy" was part Morgan, a good-looking horse but mean. He was a born kicker, and quite a few of his colts were kickers too.

My grandfather died in 1921 and the ranch was divided between my mother and her brother Henry. I can well remember an old brown mare and colt that were in Henry's pasture near our place the late winter of 1928. The old mare died, leaving her colt. My brother and I tried to rescue the colt—a black stud colt with a blaze face—but we only scared him and he drifted into a pasture of ours several miles from our house. He ran there in those rough hills of nearly 3,000 acres for three years. We tried getting him out, as Henry had given him to me, but always failed. Finally Henry agreed to help us.

The colt had grown into a good-looking horse and, as I had always harbored a dream of catching wild horses, getting this one came as close to fulfilling my dream as anything I ever did.

One Sunday, Henry with his two boys and a hired man, my dad, my brother and I started after the horse. We ran him in relays, saving Henry's big horse to rope him with. He went through one loop so

(Continued on page 47)

Below left, the author's granddaughter, Barbara Ries, riding a horse very similar in appearance to Old Nig. On right, Henry Voss and wife with their four oldest children in 1942.

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Bodie—Archangel of the Mining Camps

(Continued from page 13)

tance, they discovered that Mike's wound was not as dangerous as it first appeared. So, after administering first aid, they started back in the darkness to the stage. In the meantime the remaining robber came out of the night, and getting the drop on driver Hodge, forced him to hand over a Wells Fargo box, which he broke open and plundered before fleeing into the darkness. This section of the Bodie-Carson road near the old Dalzells Station, about eighteen miles this side of Wellington, Nevada, was a favorite "toll station" of the road agents of 1880.

ON the first Sunday in March 1881, Major John Kirgan, the tough courageous old Texan who had been the camp's greatest peace officer through the wild and turbulent years of '78, '79, and '80 harnessed up his powerful and spirited gray horse and sprang into his sulky to enjoy a brief afternoon's ride. As he swung down Main Street the high-stepping gray suddenly became frightened by a bounding football which had eluded some youthful player, and bolted. Kirgan, clutching the reins and fighting for control, swept southward on Main Street. At a ditch crossing opposite the Mono County Bank the pitching sulky crashed into an open trench, throwing the old deputy sheriff with terrific force upon the frozen street, where he sustained "some fearful injuries to his head, and he was picked up unconscious." A reporter who visited him on March 13 sadly chronicled, " . . . his condition has now grown worse, and he is unconscious much of the time, and the doctors are not extending much hope for him." A short time after this visit the gallant spirit of this grizzled old pioneer took leave of his beloved Western landscape forever.

In the last week of the year, one of the most costly and destructive single fires in Bodie's history lit the December sky:

"At 10:20 o'clock Thursday evening, fire broke out in the Bodie Foundry, and in a very short time the entire building and its valuable contents were in ashes. The alarm was sounded, and the fire companies responded promptly to the call. The foundry being outside of the fire limits, the hose of both companies was of no service so the water was not turned on. The Hook & Ladder men labored hard, yet they were unable to save but little from the flames. The Babcock engine was on hand, but it proved to be almost useless. So rapidly did the fire consume everything in its way that in half an hour from the time the fire bell first rang, the building was in ashes. The loss will not be less than $25,000. Over $10,000 worth of patterns were destroyed with the castings and machinery. The patterns were the accumulation of four years and many of them cannot be replaced without great labor."

Despite this costly conflagration plenty of enthusiasm over the camp's future was apparent, but it lacked the magic headlong flight of reason that infected the stockholders and inhabitants throughout '78, '79, and '80.

The dewatering problem, generally encountered below the 450-foot level, and the frustrating geology, with its complex faulting that dislocated whole sections of rich quartz veins in the south end mines, caused many doubts among the backers and stockholders of these properties. However, a new bright hope was the completion of the narrow-gauge railroad. It was to be a great boon to the camp's economy in its assurance of plenty of timber for the mines, and wood for the smoking steam engines of the mills and hoisting works. And so with a new production record and mixed emotions, Bodie awaited 1882.

The fastest way to the new gold strike had its hazards. The Mountain House, The Elbow, and Bodie Gulch—these were fatal names to many an overloaded Bodie-bound stagecoach.

Courtesy Sutro Library

THERE was anger in the wind when that fateful year began. As January wore on, everything east of the Sierra felt its bitterness. Bodie on its high plateau was swept by phantom-like forces that swirled through the camp's frozen thoroughfares, piling snow against yard-fences and buildings.

The rails of the camp's new showpiece and economic prop carried no burden heavier than ridges of frozen whiteness. To the east of Nevada Mountain where deep side-hill cuts and switchbacks carried the narrow-gauge rail down the steep grades, drifts of fifteen feet were common, a condition that in the absence of snow-removal equipment strangled for months Bodie's rail link to its lumber and wood supply.

Howling like a restless nomad, the wind swept the rooftops, slamming and buffeting whatever lay in its path. From the doors and windows of the town's growing inventory of vacant buildings, it dislodged a melancholy listless banging, a sound the inhabitants vainly turned from their ears; but this dismal residue of uncertainty persisted in the growing numbers of empty houses that testified to the crumpled hopes of their departed builders.

The rawness of the weather, as winter progressed, irritated everybody and everything in town. Early snowfalls were not too heavy, but the incessant and pitiless icy wind that scythed across from the crest of the Sierra kept the mercury in the minus scale. The editor of the *Free Press* shiveringly observed: "It's cold! Damn cold! And disagreeable. This is the kind of weather where a coyote gets up and runs down a rabbit before breakfast. A late spring is predicted, and stage travel is a freezing experience again. 'Road Agents' are scarce these days, and stocks are at the bottom of the ladder."

Another abomination that winter was the Sunday closing law. The majority of Bodie's miners, after putting in six 12-hour shifts in the week swinging single jacks as they drilled in solid rock by the flickering light of a tallow candle, mucking, timbering and tramming, eagerly looked forward to the seventh day and its promise of diversion and conviviality. They prized the chance this day afforded them to down lip-smacking rounds of "Tom and Jerries," and unwind with the rest of the hard-rock fraternity as they plunked pocket-burning gold pieces on the polished bars and called for another round of their favorite whiskey. The miners looked with a jaundiced eye on this new law. They regarded it as a legislative ambush to their personal rights when on their day off they found their favorite saloons, cigar stands, and watering holes closed.

The general feeling in the camp was that "it was a hell-of-a-law." The well-liked district attorney of Mono County more or less agreed with this summation. And he stood his ground manfully, even when his former deputy in Bodie signed a complaint against him for his failure to prosecute violators of this law. In mid-January he testified that the reason he "discontinued the prosecutions for the

(Continued on page 44)

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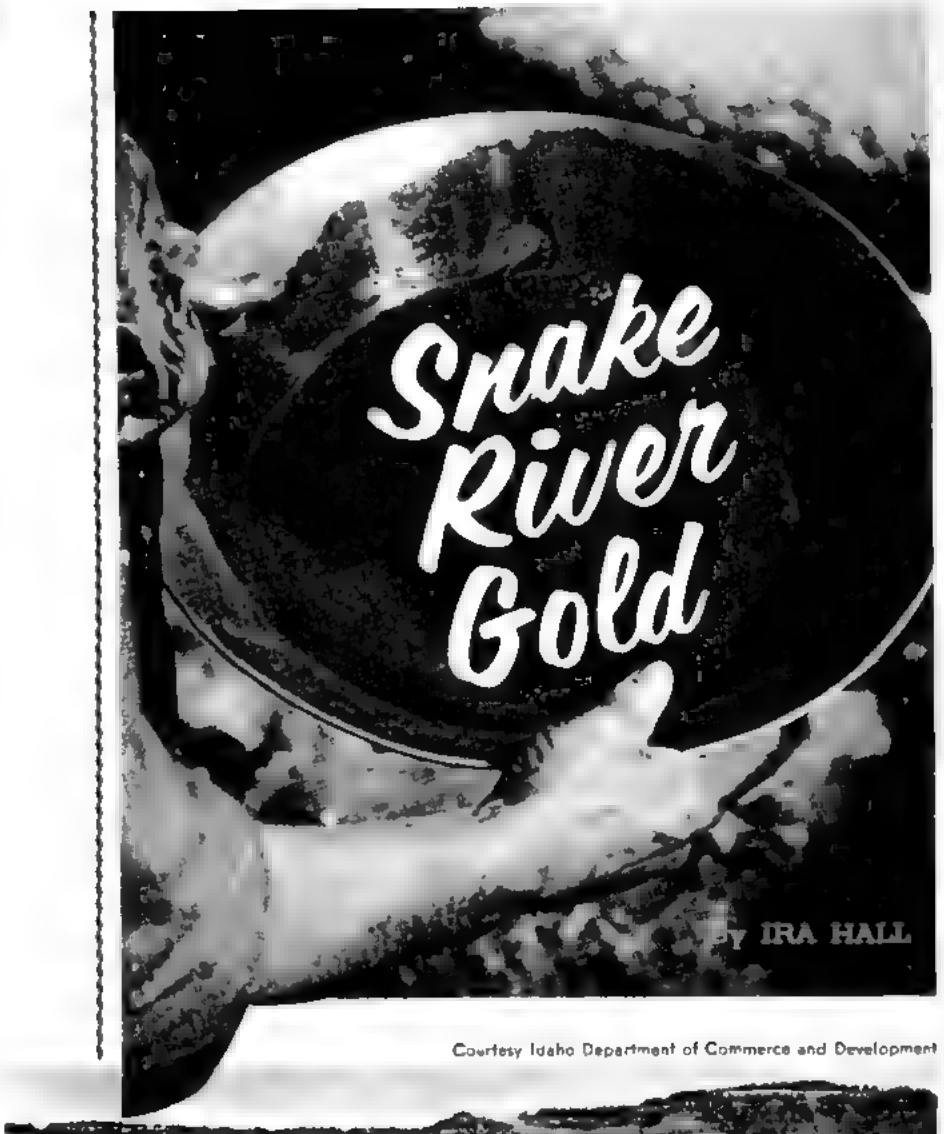
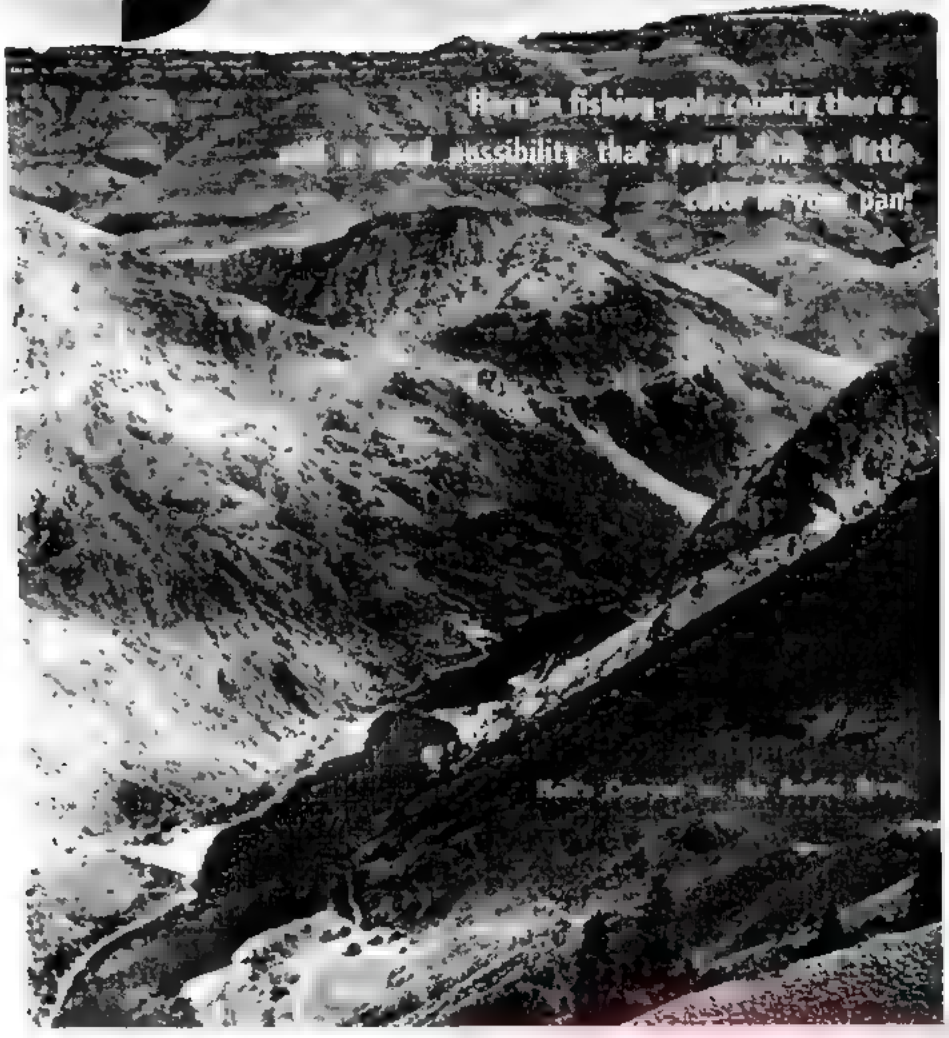
Snake River Gold

By IRA HALL



Courtesy Idaho Department of Commerce and Development



Here is fishing-pole country, there's [illegible] possibility that you'll find a little color in your pan!

THE mighty Snake River, heading in Wyoming and flowing all the way across Southern Idaho, then along the Oregon-Idaho border to eventually join the Columbia River at Pasco, Washington, was the scene of much gold mining from the 1870s to 1900. About the time the miners moved out, farmers and ranchers moved in and to both groups the Snake served as a lifeline.

From Jackson, Wyoming the river flows through a canyon to the Idaho line. Up this canyon from the line, in times of low water, much gold has been recovered and one can still get a lot there by panning the pot-holes and sand behind the rocks.

Just inside the Idaho line is the present Palisades Reservoir. McCoy Creek empties into it from the south. F.S. McCoy filed the first claims there in 1870 and a lot of mining activity took place for about ten years.

There is still considerable gold on McCoy Creek, but it is in a clay formation and hard to recover. During the Depression a party of four men from Rigby loaded some provisions and equipment on a truck and went to McCoy Creek to mine, but it proved a disappointment because they were unable to sluice it out of the clay.

Bear Creek, also coming in from the south, was mined extensively in the 1870s. Different ones have worked there off and on over the years. At the present price of gold, one could do well with a pan.

The next mining was done just up the stream from where present Highway 91 crosses near the little town of Lorenzo. A California company put a medium-size dredge in there and operated during the 1890s, but in 1900 extremely high water forced them to give up.

About 1912 a man in Rigby, named Taylor, built a gold machine. In fact, he built three of them in his shop. That summer he set one up on the river about five miles north of Rigby. It consisted of a fine mesh screen mounted on rollers, a pump, and a conveyor chain to carry the sand up to the screen. There was a metal trough under the screen to carry the sand and water back to a down spout, which discharged it into a round tank that had some mercury in it. Then there was an impeller on a rotating shaft which discharged the sand and water into a trough to be carried away. A gas engine was used to power this contraption. They hired a man to scrape the material to the conveyor chain. After a week of this, they quit.

The machine sat for a time until the farmer who owned some land nearby hauled it off for junk iron. It was told later that Taylor took out about $14 per day.

THERE is a spot about sixteen miles west of where Taylor was working, where a lot of placer mining was done from 1880 to 1890. It is on the lower end of the big island and is made up of black sand and gravel formation. Several places still show signs of the placer mining done there, but most of the tailings have been hauled away for road gravel. If one likes to play around with a gold pan it is still possible to get a good showing from the

(Continued on page 53)

Wild Old Days!

Photo Courtesy Author

The Brown family home in Red Bluff, California.

JOHN BROWN'S FAMILY

By W. C. Whitt

WHEN Mrs. Mary Brown and the remnants of her family arrived in Red Bluff, California on September 30, 1864, they were surprised at their friendly reception. They were surprised further when a party was given for them that night. The story of their coming had preceded them.

Mary Ann Day married John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame or otherwise, depending on whose side of the fence one was standing, after his first wife died in 1832 leaving seven children. Thirteen children were to be born to Mary and the fiery preacher.

Brown, an abolitionist, had been involved in the Kansas war of 1855, in which the pro and anti-slavery factions were fighting to control the state. He made many enemies and on August 30, 1856 his house was burned.

Brown was hanged December 2, 1859 in Charleston, West Virginia. By some he was regarded a martyr, by others a traitor. Thus began a life of trouble and fear for Brown's family. A son, Salmon, was denied enlistment in the Union Army in 1861 The shadow of John Brown hung over everything his family did and everywhere they went until they sold their farm near North Elba, New York, and emigrated to Decora, Iowa. Here they felt they were far enough removed to escape notice, but they were wrong. The residents there knew and remembered.

In May 1864, with three wagons, Mary Brown, three daughters and Salmon and his wife, joined a wagontrain going west. After they crossed the Missouri River they were subject to attack by bandits, deserters from both armies, and Indians. Mary Brown said after one attack "with their heads lowered and their horrible brown shoulders shining in the sun they came on." This was near Fort McPherson, Nebraska where the train was attacked by 250 Sioux. There was another narrow escape near Soda Springs, Idaho from "a band of Tennessee rebels."

Red Bluff stood at the head of navigation on the Sacramento River. Their reception in this California settlement, compared with their treatment before, was a welcome relief. They were befriended by the Reverend J. McLaughlin and his wife, and not long after their arrival a local newspaper took up their cause in a story in which the editor wrote, "If every man, woman and child who has hummed 'John Brown's Body' would throw ten cents into the hat, the widow could have a house in which to spend her declining days."

The response to this plea was gratifying. Donations poured in from all over the state, but most of the money was raised by the people of Red Bluff. Soon the Browns moved into a new house on Main Street and settled down. Mary Brown and her daughters worked at odd jobs—housework, cooking, delivering babies.

Sarah went to San Francisco where she took a job in the United States Mint and worked there many years. Ellen went to school, and Annie took a job teaching in a Negro school near Proberta, a few miles south of Red Bluff, because nobody else would. At long last the shadow of the husband and father seemed to have been conquered.

This was not to be, however. The title to their house was challenged in court by Mrs. Amanda Hoag.

When the townsite first was surveyed the records had been left in trust with the county judge. Somewhere along the line a flaw had developed which allowed the suit by Mrs. Hoag. During the Gold Rush and following, many towns sprang up on the public domain. No patents had been issued by the general land office for the areas upon which such towns had been built. When the surveys finally were made there existed the problem of conveying title to the bona fide possessors (squatters, if you prefer) of the numerous lots. The Congress in 1844 had passed an act authorizing patents to areas occupied by towns which had grown up on the public domain to be made in favor of a local trustee. In most instances, including the case of Red Bluff, the local trustee selected was the county judge. By act of the Legislature of California such trustee was authorized to issue certificates of title to possessors of town lots, but left title to streets, alleys and public places with the judge, in trust for the inhabitants. The situation was confusing, but Judge Warner Earll found no obstacle in finding for Mary Brown and gave her a clear title to her land.

However, the trial and publicity inevitably brought resentment against the family. The people of Red Bluff were pretty evenly divided between the causes of the North and South. In addition, Mary Brown had been seeing a gentleman friend, and talk of their relationship resulted in scandal, justified or not. Six years after the welcoming party and the construction of her new home, Mrs. Brown sold the house for $285 in gold coin and moved to Humboldt County where Salmon had bought a ranch near the Pacific Ocean.

Some years later she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Ellen Fabling, in Saratoga, California, where she died February 29, 1884.

The house still stands on the property. Many families, including the late Chief

of Police and Mrs. Walter Williams, have resided there. The streets and alleys of the City of Red Bluff still are held in trust by the county judge.

JOHN BROWN'S SON TALKS OF HIS FATHER

From a 1906 Newspaper

A SON and a grandson of "John Brown of Osawatomie" lives in the outskirts of Portland, Oregon. Salmon Brown, the son, is old, gray and crippled. His face is wrinkled and seamed. His hands rub painfully at limbs that suffer torture, but his frame has military straightness and his eye is clear.

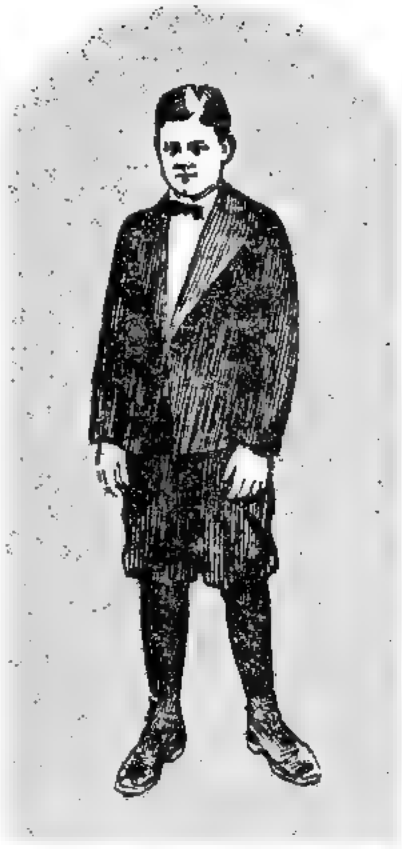
Despite his physical infirmities, his recollection of the past is consecutive . . . and stored in memory he has a thousand anecdotes of the historic character whose career closed at a rope's end in Harper's Ferry in 1859. No newspaper has ever before interviewed this son of the man of Osawatomie, for hardly had the cry through the length and breadth of the land over the Harper's Ferry raid died away than the broken-hearted son set out for the Golden Gate.

Crossing the Western plains and mountains in an old, lumbering wagon pulled by oxen, he settled in Tehama County, California and took to raising sheep. Some years afterwards he was thrown from his horse, the accident injuring his hip and back. He moved to Portland in 1893.

When the trouble in Kansas reached the crisis that caused John Brown to think he was called upon to fight the battles of anti-slavery, one of the first he selected to take part in the impending fray was his son Salmon. The son was devoted to his father, which is shown in a letter written by Salmon on December 27, 1859. The lad said: "I was never away from Father one hour at a time after we took up arms in Kansas."

Salmon Brown talked recently to a representative of *The Star* who went to his home to see him. He said: "My first recollection of my father was when I was two and one-half years old. He was preparing to kill some hogs and had a huge brass kettle of water heating in the kitchen. The steam from the kettle settled on the windows and one of the younger children and myself were amusing ourselves by rubbing our fingers up and down on the panes and making them squeak. I was generating the business, and as my brother did not succeed as well as myself in making music, I became disgusted and blurted out a word not found in polite vocabularies.

Salmon Brown



John Brown, Jr.

"My father was in a room adjoining, grinding the knives for the killing, and heard me. He demanded what I had said; his manner frightened me so badly that my memory left me and I said every bad word I had ever heard except the right one. Thinking I was stubborn, he sent for whips and administered punishment after the old Puritan style. At last the forbidden word came back to my mind and there was peace once more for me. My sister, Ruth, took me up and comforted me in a way I shall never forget—Mother had run out of the house as the whips came in. In administering such punishment, my father believed he was living up to the last analysis of Scriptural injunction. The moral of this little episode is that the offensive word was indelibly stamped upon my mind.

"While engaged in the sheep business with Simon Perkins at Akron, Ohio, my father employed a great many men through haying and harvesting. If he heard any of the hands using profane language they were paid off at once. Family worship was always held twice a day, and grace was said at meal times.

"MY FATHER had a large family Bible for himself, and Mother had one covered with sheepskin which he had tanned. Each one of the many children had a smaller one for his or her own. After breakfast the family would assemble and Father would hand around the Bibles. He would read three or four verses, and Mother about the same, then the oldest child would read a verse, the next youngster another, and so on, according to age, down to the last one that could read. It required a long chapter to give all the children a chance. In this way the Bible was read from beginning to end several times.

"After the reading Father would gather up the books and then we would stand for prayers. Father would turn his face to the wall and we older boys used to have high old times playing pranks on each other. At night Father read the chapter by himself. No matter what the pressure of work, there was no curtailing the Bible-reading. I remember one cold wintry night, after a hard day's work feeding the sheep at the stacks and barns, Father took down the Bible to read to his tired, sleepy boys. Then came prayer, in which he had a habit of saying we were all sinful from the crowns of our heads to the soles of our feet. When he reached that point, sleep nearly overcame him and he rendered it, "O Lord, we are all sinful from the soles of our heads to the crowns of our feet." This aroused us like an electrical shock and caused some to snicker.

"Sunday nights he would make us repeat the catechism and the Ten Commandments; then he would preach us a long sermon. Later in their lives, I believe as the result of over-rigorous religious training, his sons showed a tendency to repudiate all sectarian doctrine. Father worried greatly over it, and one Sunday took us down the towpath at Akron past nineteen locks where were to be found the roughest class of men in the land, and he then told us that such would be our descendants if we broke away from the Faith of the Fathers. I am satisfied he modified his ideas later in life, as I heard him say he had erred in being too severe.

"His sons were high-strung fellows, and like all the sons of Puritan stock who settled on the Western reserve, were harder to control because of constant repression. In these days of small families and loose government one can hardly realize the difficulties confronting the conscientious head of a family at that time. The irrepressible conflict in the heart of a boy once impelled me to build a roaring fire in our stove in order to give H. H. Garnett, a colored preacher who was at our house for the night, a big sweat. This coming to the ears of Father, he compelled me to accompany Garnett and carry his valise to the depot, a half mile away, past staring neighbors and grinning children. This was done to punish me.

"Grubs began to infest the heads of our sheep, and Father, discovering that they

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came from a fly which deposited a live maggot in the nostrils of the sheep, set us boys to work killing the flies at the rate of ten cents. We went at it with vim, and soon presented considerable of a bill. We made many plans as to just how we would spend our money. At the time Father was ready to pay us, an old-fashioned colporteur came along with religious books to sell. Father invested and handed over to me in return for my services Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. My brother received Baxter's *Saint's Rest*. There was a little more money coming to me, and Father bought me a good, strong jackknife, breaking off the points of the blades before giving it to me. Think of it!

"PATE and his crew of Missourians were raiding the territory. He was in command of a much larger band than we could muster, but Father was fearless. We met the enemy in a ravine near Black Jack, and the battle began. Although outnumbered, we had the best of it because we were better shots. A part of our men ran when the firing began, but those who remained kept peppering away so rapidly that Pate soon began to fear that we had a much larger force than he, and that it was time for him to surrender. An Englishman who had been with our party, but was captured before the battle, was sent out with a flag of truce.

"'Tell Pate he will have to come out himself with that flag if he wants to stop this fight,' yelled Father to the Englishman. The latter quickly retired and several minutes afterward Pate appeared carrying the white flag. He was armed with his sword. At that time there were but eight men under Father's command, while Pate had thirty warriors all armed with rifles. Boldly stepping up to the border leader Father asked him in a loud voice that could be heard by all the enemy: 'What are you here for?'

"'To enforce the territorial laws,' answered the man with the flag.

"'If that is all you have to say,' answered Father, speaking more loudly than ever, 'I have a proposition to make to you: I want an unconditional surrender and I'll have it. You walk back with me to where your men are.'

"Turning around to us boys, Father said: 'Go round the point where Pate's men are.' We went around as ordered and there saw the enemy behind a ridge with only their heads and shoulders showing. We had no protection whatever. Thirty rifles were aimed at us and we pointed our guns at the Missourians, advancing to a position only a few feet away. All of the privates of the enemy were armed with Springfield rifles that shot an ounce ball.

"Father walked right up into the Missourians' line with Pate. Lieutenant Brockett, one of the best known of the border leaders, was second in command of the enemy and was in charge while Pate was talking to Father. When Father reached the enemy he called out to Brockett: 'Tell your men to lay down their arms.'

"'If our captain tells us to lay down our arms we will do so, but I don't think he is damn coward enough to do it,' answered Brockett.

"But Pate thought he was surrounded and that he was held a prisoner, so when Father turned to him and said: 'Tell your men to lay down their arms,' he quickly gave the command. When Brockett had refused to order the men to surrender, we of the party of eight began to feel nervous for there were thirty rifles aimed at us. We were afraid the men would refuse to obey their leader.

"Pate's command was a queer one. Turning half-way around he calmly said, 'Boys, lay down your arms for a minute while we talk it over.' The boys did so and we rushed in and took them prisoners.

"While we were waiting for the surrender, my younger brother, Oliver, noticed a new Sharp's rifle in Brockett's hand. Speaking at the top of his voice, Oliver said, 'Boys, there's a Sharp's rifle I am going to have.' I whispered to him, 'You had better wait until you get it.' Brockett refused to give up the rifle until I put my revolver in his face and told him to let loose. As the rifle slipped from Brockett's hand, the lieutenant called out, 'That captain of ours is a damn coward.' Oliver was afterwards killed at Harper's Ferry.

"THERE were five Browns in the victorious 'army' at Black Jack. They were: Father, who was commander-in-chief; Owen, aged 29 years; Fred aged 25, killed several weeks afterwards at Osawatomie; Oliver aged 17; and myself aged 23. Henry Clay Pate, the Missourians' captain, was a Westport editor and a well-known man during those early days of border troubles. When he left the banks of the muddy Missouri with his band of well-armed followers he declared, 'I will wade in abolition blood up to my waist before I return.'

"No matter how much trouble was on hand or how hard the marches had been, Father was always very kind to us boys. He was always a kind father, but it was more noticeable during the hardships of the Kansas wars. He would sit up all night making bread and doing other jobs about the camps while we slept. We would often ask him to rest and let us do the work, but he said we needed the sleep and he didn't.

"I was often awakened during the night and, peeping over my blankets, would see Father working away by the campfire, his hands covered with dough and a rifle beside him. I often wondered what would happen if the enemy rushed our camp some night while Father was kneading bread. I do not believe he could have shot very well with his hands covered with sticky dough!

"I well remember the time Father left home to make the fatal trip to Harper's Ferry. Of course, none of us expected the movement to result fatally, and so his going away at that time was no different from other occasions when he had gone out to wage warfare against the evils of slavery. He kissed Mother and the smaller children goodbye and shook hands with me.

"'Wish you could go along,' he said to me, 'but someone has to stay and take care of things at home.'

"It was only by chance that I did not go to Harper's Ferry. My brother Watson had stayed at home during the Kansas struggle, and so when the movement in Virginia was discussed, he demanded that he be allowed to go with the party. Father said that he wanted me because I was a good shot. Watson was killed beside Oliver in the Harper's Ferry fight.

"It was a sad, sad night in our little home when the news of the fight at Harper's Ferry came to North Elba, New York, near which town we were living. My brother-in-law had been in town during the day and had heard that Father and the whole party had been killed. We were sitting around the supper table when the news was broken to us. We sat up late that night talking the matter over and trying not to believe the report. The next day the papers told us the story.

"Father's body was brought home after the execution, and his funeral was one of the largest ever held in New York State. The body arrived home one afternoon and was buried the next day. Wendell Phillips delivered the funeral oration. We opened the casket and gazed for the last time upon the face of the dead. He looked as though sleeping, the features being natural as could be. He was a kind, loving father."

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE and JUAN CHAVEZ Y TRUJILLO

By Fredrika R. Powell

VISITORS to Lincoln County, New Mexico who travel along Route 350 east from Carrizozo to Lincoln, should glance in the direction of the Capitan Mountains flanking the north side of the road. Standing 10,000 feet above sea level and 4,000 feet above the valley, they are no less proud and ancient than the Sierra Blancas to the south. The steep well-timbered slopes still provide firewood of pine and piñon to the surrounding towns and ranches.

Few tourists appear to be curious as to what lies to the north of the Capitans but it was here that many of the earliest Spanish-American settlers came to raise

Doorway to the dancehall.

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thousands of sheep, and where the great Block Ranch still grazes its herds of cattle. As far back as the 1860s the main route from Fort Stanton to Santa Fe, Fort Sumner and Las Vegas wound through the Gap. People traveled on horseback, by hack, wagon, ambulance or stage. Freighters, their wagons loaded heavily with supplies drawn by two or more teams of horses, mules or oxen, lumbered slowly north or turned east toward the Pecos River.

Many of the Spanish settlers came from Manzano, and among the first to settle by the Patos sometime in the 1870s was Juan Chavez y Trujillo. With him he brought his wife, Maria Gertrudes Otero, whom he had married in Manzano in 1863, five step-children, and their own son, Juan Chavez, Jr.

At the top of a small rise to the west and close to Patos Creek Juan Chavez built two large houses and a chapel of rock. Today the houses lie in crumbled heaps with only a wall left here and there, but the little chapel is intact, brooding over the once rich and unfenced grasslands, the nearest ranches far away and only an occasional steer for company. It is dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and often referred to in the old church records as the Patos Mission.

The chapel's adobe walls are two feet thick, thirty-six feet long by fifteen wide, and twelve feet high. Three windows (the only windows) face east and a low door opens north into what remains of the graveyard now choked with weeds. Patches of white gesso cling to the inside walls. The wooden floor and window glass have long since gone, also the bell, and light filters through the flat roof supported by the old vigas.

A priest came each month from Lincoln to celebrate Mass. He married, baptized and buried many of the early settlers on the Patos, and it is the descendants of Juan Chavez, many of whom still live in Lincoln County, who tell the story of the Patos and a way of life now vanished.

Courtesy Jose Otero, Capitan, N. Mexico

Left to right: Juan Chavez y Trujillo, Juan Chavez, Jr., and Maria Gertrudes Otero Chavez.

SOME of the older people remember the Fiesta of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Each year on her day, December 12, several hundred people gathered at the home of Juan Chavez. They came from as far as Manzano, Albuquerque, Tularosa, and from San Patricio and Lincoln for three days of dancing, feasting, horseracing and games.

Juan Chavez kept his finest horses for racing. One story goes that at least once he lost a large purse when an old clod, cleverly substituted for his own good horse, lost the race.

An evening Mass preceded the festivities. Tiny fires were lit, spaced at intervals around the outside of the chapel, where after Mass the statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe was carried in procession.

The next day, dancing started at three in the afternoon in the dancehall that took up all one end of a big rock house built around three sides of a rectangular patio. The dancehall also substituted for a schoolroom. Fiddlers, guitarists, and accordion players provided the music. The then famous Miguelito Valenzuela "who could make the violin talk like the women talk," sometimes played for the Fiesta. A twenty-five gallon keg of whiskey and another of wine stood to each side of the entrance to the dancehall. Dancing continued until dawn.

Tables, laid next day in the dancehall, groaned under roasted chicken stuffed with sweetmeat and raisins, chili relleños (sweet), pesole with pork, mutton, beef, goat, venison, and perhaps a wild turkey or ducks from the small lake just over the hill to the west—long since dry.

The women worked for days ahead in the kitchen that took up all of the west wing of the house, where as many as fifteen sheepherders could sit around the long table during the busy seasons of lambing and shearing. Long before the snows fell they had worked to dry, on the flat roof of the large storage shed, pumpkins, beans, squash and corn from the garden and wild spinach to be had for the picking. Apples and pears from Lincoln and the Hondo Valley, figs from La Luz—all had to be dried.

Inside the shed hung the cheeses, strings of red peppers and jerky—no sheepherder could be without jerky out on the range. There was corn to be ground, as well as bread to be baked. Water had to be hauled from the creek and heated outside in a large tin tub over an open fire.

Not all of this was done only for the Fiesta; every year the drying and storing away of food took long hours in the fall. Each day bread had to be baked, clothing piled up to be washed, and herders had to be fed.

And it was not only for the Fiesta that Juan Chavez is remembered by those who crossed his path. His kindness and the love he showed toward his step-children are spoken of today. One man remembers that as a boy he had been shearing sheep all day by hand. Juan Chavez, then an old man with white hair and beard, came into the corral, sat down beside him, took out his pipe, lit up, and just talked. He understood the monotony of the job and tried in the only way he could to make it easier.

As for the generosity of Juan Chavez, it apparently knew no bounds. The main route north wound past his door, and that door was always open to the traveler—as was his purse, often to the dismay of his wife. When she objected to his lending of money, however, she always received the same reply: "If it isn't returned on earth, it will be in heaven."

After the death of Maria Gertrudes, Juan Chavez married Ramona Chavez

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Above: Photo 1 shows the east side of the Mission. Standing in front is Epifanio Aldax, great-nephew of Juan Chavez y Trujillo. Photo 2—more of the ruins. Patos Creek in foreground. Photo 3—doorway to the Mission and graveyard.

on December 1, 1896. His stepchildren had already married, also his son.

Juan Chavez died in 1910 at age seventy-one, just three years after the death of Juan Chavez, Jr. He was buried under the earthen floor of the chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe. A few years later, Ramona moved away and is said to have died in Corona, New Mexico in 1921. By then the long droughts had driven the sheepmen away from the Patos and nearby towns. With them they took a way of life, all but forgotten now.

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THE HORN SPOON

By Bruce J. Manley

ONE of the most valuable gold prospecting tools ever used was the horn spoon.

Ask any gold miner or prospector over eighty years old what a horn spoon is and probably his face will light up and he'll remark, "Why, I haven't seen one in years."

Many young people have never heard of a horn spoon, a simple, effective device for panning gold. It was made from a cow's horn in the shape of a spoon or small dish; or sometime the horn was split lengthwise. The horn was first boiled until soft and then cut and shaped as desired.

It was used by placing a small amount of black sand or dirt in the spoon; the dirt was quickly shaken out with water, leaving the heavier material and gold sticking to the horn. In dry country, where water was not easily available, the dirt was blown out.

The horn spoon was never used to recover gold in any quantity, but as a fast, easy to use, effective way of determining the presence of gold. A better method has never been devised.

It is small, light, and easy to carry. Some weigh no more than a pack of cigarettes.

In the old days a black horn from a cow buffalo was preferred because black showed the gold better. A modern black plastic might do just as well, since cows with horns are not so common as they once were.

The last horn spoon I saw was in Jacksonville, Oregon, over fifteen years ago. Someone may be making them somewhere, but they are keeping quiet about it.

A word of caution to the amateur treasure hunter who decides to make a horn spoon. After you have obtained your horn from the slaughter house, that horn should be kept in a special place for a while, because after a few days it develops an odor that your wife is not likely to appreciate. It is a rare woman who is much of a horn spoon treasure hunter.

Curse of the Indian

By RUTH ROBISON
Illustration Courtesy Author

The mysterious picture given to the author by Mrs. Allen.

For the author, the threat has been sort of like having a jinni in a bottle, so she's kept the stopper tight all her life!

EARLY one spring day Mr. and Mrs. Allen, long-time acquaintances of our family, drove from their ranch in what was then the Indian Territory, to our home in Chetopa, Kansas, a distance of about six miles. A loud "Whoa!" announced their arrival and we went out to welcome them.

As Mr. Allen helped his wife from the spring wagon, he said, "We have to be in town all day and this team is needed at the ranch. Do you know anyone who will drive them back and bring them in again late this afternoon?"

"Ruth can," answered my father as he lifted me onto the high seat of the wagon.

"No, John! No!" cried my distressed mother. "She's never driven a team!"

"She'll never learn any younger," said my father as he gave the rump of the nearest horse a slap, and we were on our way.

I was confident I could drive that team, even if I was just twelve years old. I had watched my father drive many times and all he seemed to do was to say "Gid-dap" when he wanted them to go or "Whoa" when it was time to stop; and pull a rein when he wanted them to turn. Surely I could do that.

I felt very important sitting on that high seat. The horses jogged along nicely as I turned them onto the street that led to the country. But it was then I realized I did not know where I was going. I knew the general direction to the ranch as I had been there a long time ago with my father, but I did not know where to turn and we were going west instead of south. I hoped the horses knew their way home.

My thoughts wandered to the Allens. He was a white man and she was a full-blood Cherokee. Their oldest daughter, Belle, lived with them on the ranch. It worried me that she might be at home that day. I did not like her; indeed, I was afraid of her. She seemed to have a split personality. At times she was like a white woman in dress and mannerisms and was friendly to us. The next time she might be riding bareback, clad in long full skirts and moccasins, with her hair hanging in braids. On those days she made it apparent that she hated white people and would have nothing to do with them. If she was now at the ranch, would she be "white"

(Continued on following page)

or "Indian"? If she was the latter, how would she treat an unexpected and probably unwanted me?

I forgot about Belle when the horses started to run and all my efforts failed to stop them. They sensed I had no control over them and were in a hurry to get home. All I could do was to hang on to the reins with one hand and to the high seat with the other hand, as the spring wagon rounded some corners on two wheels.

A ranch hand saw me coming and stopped the horses as we raced into the barnyard. As he lifted a frightened and shaking girl to the ground, he asked, "How come you're here? Did *she* know you were coming?" I shook my head no. "Well, she does now," he said.

BELLE was standing in the door of the house looking at me, and I went to her as if hypnotized. She did not speak but motioned me to follow her into the seldom used parlor. She left me there, closing the door behind her.

In most houses parlors were used only on formal occasions such as weddings or funerals. The room smelled musty, as though it had not been opened for a long time. The furniture was stiff and uncomfortable and there was nothing to look at except some enlarged portraits which hung on the walls. It was a *must* for every country house to have one or more of those portrait enlargements made by itinerant artists.

Tantalizing cooking smells seeped in through the cracks in the door of the room. I remembered when we had been there before, my father and I had eaten a meal at the long table with the ranch hands and how good the food had tasted. I heard the sound of the triangle as the cook called the men; heard them come in, then heard them leave. No one came for me and I was hungry.

At last Belle opened the door of the room and without saying a word beckoned me to follow her. That day she was all Indian and nothing was too good for her. She had ordered a special dinner cooked and we ate in the family dining room and used the best linen, silver and glassware. She was in the mood to demand service, and I felt sorry for the poor clumsy cook who was doing his best to please her. Otherwise, the meal was eaten in silence. Apparently she had nothing to say to me and I was tongue-tied.

After the table was cleared, Belle went into the parlor and returned with two of those family portraits. She told me that as long as I was there I might as well be useful and we would spend the afternoon cleaning the pictures. She taught me how to knead the soft center of a freshly baked loaf of bread into a rubber-like consistency. It was an excellent dirt remover, and inch by inch we cleaned the portraits. While working, she talked constantly.

"Never forget," she admonished me, "what your ancestors did to my ancestors."

She launched into a tirade against white people and told me how terrible my ancestors were; how they killed off the buffalo to the detriment of her people; how the Indians were cheated when their lands were bought for a few beads and trinkets, and how they were driven from place to place. I believed everything she said and thought she was going to do something horrible to me because of my ancestral sins. It seemed ages before a ranch hand came and said the team was ready and it was time for me to go.

Just as I was leaving, Belle handed me a small picture, cut from the cover of a magazine. It showed an Indian wrapped in a blanket and standing with bowed head.

"Keep this always as a reminder of the sins of your people," Belle told me. "If you lose it, the curse of the Indian will be upon you."

The trip back to town was uneventful. The horses were tired from their day's work, and trotted along unmindful of the fact that I couldn't get home fast enough.

I am an old lady now and still have the picture that Belle gave me. What was the "curse of the Indian"? Thank heavens, I do not know.

Anna Petrovna's Ghost

(Continued from page 24)

tion. And she should never have prevailed on him to surrender, bringing about the final tragedy.

AFTER 1820 this legend almost died due to the transfer of Russian personnel at New Archangel. The strangers who took their places were unacquainted with the story of Anna Petrovna.

During the 1830s, though, the ghost story was revived, this time having some nebulous connection with Baron Ferdinand von Wrangell.

Two stories were given special prominence. The first had to do with a bride who disappeared on her wedding night. Different versions of the same story describe her dressed in black or white. She disappeared into a howling blizzard and her body was never found. The second maintained that the ghost was a daughter of a former governor who died under mysterious circumstances. She appeared only on Christmas Eve and Easter night.

Research discloses that the ghost story probably first appeared in print in the New York *Herald*. It was written by Frederick Schwatka in 1885 and reprinted in the Sitka *Alaskan* that same year.

Authoress Eliza Ruhamak Scidmore details the legend in her account of an Alaskan trip made in 1883, in her book *Alaska, Its Southern Coast and the Sitkan Archipelago* (published in Boston in 1885). She repeated most of the stories told by early Russian colonists in the early 1830s. Their stories were of the spirit of a beautiful young girl who was fated to haunt the castle for fifty years. She was dressed in black, wore a silver crown, and always disappeared from the ornate ballroom by some unknown means.

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Authoress Scidmore commented that in her opinion the whole thing was concocted to keep away marauders and sailors who sought to pilfer valuable objects from Baranov's Castle.

Despite some records to the contrary, Baranov's Castle was completely rebuilt by the Russians in 1838. Most believed that the ghost of the young girl, finding herself in strange surroundings, would disappear and not return, but such was not the case. The ghost was sighted at rare intervals thereafter, including the year 1894 when fire completely destroyed Baranov's Castle.

Following publication of the Scidmore book, poet Henry E. Hayden penned numerous verses about the ghost, most of which appeared in the *Alaskan* in 1888. They were reprinted in a volume of poetry in 1891, the first book to be published in Alaska.

In the State Historical Museum in Juneau is a pair of handmade brass hinges. The donor was a naval officer stationed aboard the *USS Pinta* from 1889-1892. The hinges reportedly came from "the haunted chambers of Baranov's Castle." The ghost story accompanying these artifacts concerns a young Russian girl who planned to marry an American naval officer (no U.S. warship served in Alaskan waters up to that time), but permission was denied by her father. One midnight, in a fit of despondency, she left the northeast bed room and threw herself from the balcony of the castle.

At intervals after 1880 several letters mentioning the legend appeared in Alaskan newspapers. They were written by men who had stayed overnight in the castle investigating the ghost story. Most of them claimed they had seen no ghosts, spirits, gobblin, ha'nts or otherwise. A few asserted they had seen a young woman walking in various rooms of the castle.

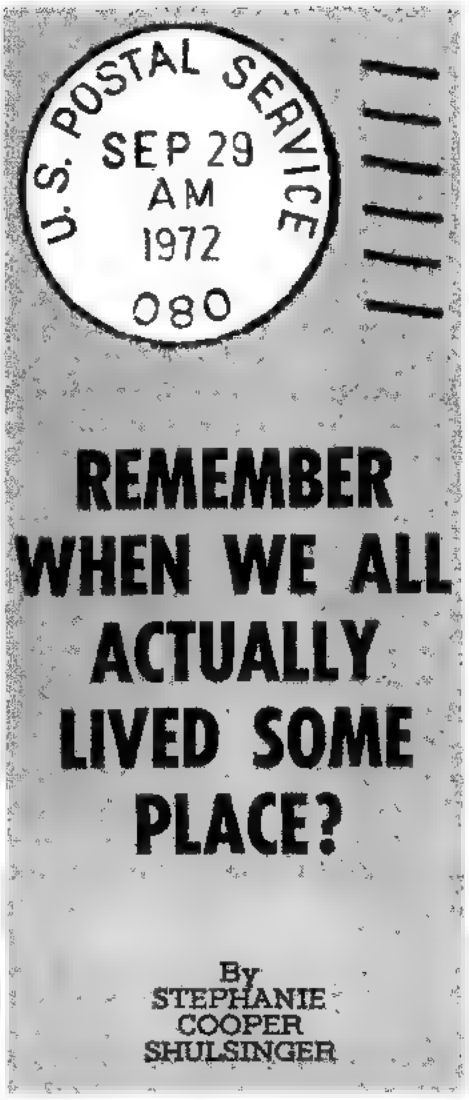
After 1890 Baranov's Castle was abandoned. Vandals stole priceless antique furniture and other historical items from the building. In 1893 the federal government belatedly tried to save the building from further ruin. Repairs were being made when about 2 a.m. on March 17, 1894, the Marine guard saw the top of the building suddenly explode into flames.

After the destruction of Baranov's Castle, Alaskan newspapers resurrected the series of old ghost stories, some of which depicted the tragedy as happening during Baron Wrangell's years in the 1830s.

Early Russian sources assert that the ghost appeared soon after Anna Petrovna died in the Pacific Northwest, although a few of them did say a governor's daughter had been tentatively recognized as the ghost.

There was also a rumor that Wrangell had a daughter named Maria, who died tragically during the Baron's stay at New Archangel, but the records show that she died in infancy.

When everything is all said, if there is any truth to the ghost story, it has to be the "spirit" of Anna Petrovna who died horribly while an Indian slave.



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Cavalier (Pembina Co.)—misspelled but named for its first postmaster, C. T. Cavileer.

Concrete (Pembina Co.)—named for a local product.

Crete (Sargent Co.)—the nickname of Lucretia Steele, a local rancher's daughter.

Fingal (Barnes Co.)—from the hero of many Irish folktales.

Golva (Golden Valley Co.)—shorthand "Golden Valley."

Grenora (Williams Co.)—a railroad name formed from parts of the words "Great Northern Railway."

Hague (Emmons Co.)—named for the capital of the Netherlands by a homesick Hollander.

Jud (LaMoure Co.) in honor of Judson LaMoure, a pioneer rancher and politician, after whom the county was also named.

Kief (McHenry Co.)—named for a Ukranian city by immigrant settlers.

Killdeer (Dunn Co.)—the translation of a Sioux term meaning "deer hunting grounds."

Leal (Barnes Co.)—from the Scottish word for "loyal."

Makoti (Ward Co.)—a Mandan Indian word, means "earth lodge" or "home."

Marmarth (Slope Co.)—from the first two names of Margaret Martha Fitch, a railroad president's daughter.

Max (McLean Co.)— named in honor of Max Freitag, the first postmaster's son.

Maza (Towner Co.) named after Maza Chante, a Sioux chief.

Mekinock (Grand Forks Co.)—the name of an Ojibway chief.

Minnewaukum (Benson Co.)—from a Sioux name for a nearby lake, meaning "evil water spirit."

Napoleon (Logan Co.)—named after Napoleon Goodsill, a local real estate man.

Neche (Pembina Co.)—from the Ojibway, means "friend."

Oberon (Benson Co.)—named by the postmaster for a character in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Oriska (Barnes Co.)—named after an Indian princess in a poem.

Rugby (Pierce Co.)—named for the famous English town and school by British stockholders in an American railroad.

Souris (Bottineau Co.)—French meaning "mouse," commemorates a mouse invasion experienced by some early trappers.

Tokio (Benson Co.)—a rough pronounciation of a Sioux word for "gift."

Zeeland (McIntosh Co.) —named for a province in the Netherlands, the former home of some early settlers.

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The pharmacy owned by Dr. Stroud, one of the two doctors summoned after the killing of George Lewis.

By J. R. KIRKPATRICK
Photos Courtesy Author

THE KILLING OF

Merely an "incident" perhaps, scarcely noticed and long forgotten, yet these dust-devils of violence, by sheer weight of numbers, established the climate of the frontier . . .

FANNIE GRAY was a saloon girl at Corwin's. She was no beauty, but in the woman-hungry West of 1883, she was an available drinking companion for lonely cowboys and miners.

It was a cool, comfortable night in Western Colorado—following a hotter than usual summer day—when the girl slipped out of the saloon to look for Town Marshal Tim Crowley. She knew his patrol routine, since he always sat, relaxing for awhile, on the rough board sidewalk outside the saloon before continuing his rounds. When she found him, Fannie's words launched a series of events that led to the controversial killing of George Lewis.

The Grand Junction *News*, a weekly newspaper, printed Crowley's statement of the affair in its issue of August 10:

"It was Wednesday night, about 10:30. Fannie Gray came over to me and said, 'I wish you would arrest George and put him in jail, because he's been bothering me all night and I'm afraid of him.'

"She went into Corwin's and took a glass of beer, and came out and sat down by a white man on a bench. Then George Lewis came along and said, 'I want you to go home, Fannie.'

"She said, 'I'll go home when I get good

Grand Junction's first hotel, the Randall House (1883).

and ready, because you've got no control over me.'

"Lewis said, 'If there is any white s-o-b in town that wants to take it up, send him to me, and if the marshal interferes, I'll give it to him before daylight'."

Even before the ink dried on this issue of the *News*, there was disagreement over what actually happened. Crowley's story was disputed by several witnesses, yet as an official of the town, his word was finally accepted—not once, but twice.

BY whatever yardstick of justice used, the fact remains that the town marshal slew an unarmed man, one against whom he had long held a grudge.

George Lewis, by reputation, was a man to avoid. He had several notches on his gun, and had beaten a few local cowboys with his fists, some of them badly. He had no visible means of support, yet never lacked money. It was whispered that he was involved in more than one stickup, although the rumors were never proven. Lewis was a large, muscular black man. From accounts other than the newspaper's, Fannie was black also.

Crowley, on the other hand, was of average height, and a competent enough marshal, although he had the name of being quick tempered. Besides a six-gun, he carried a hardwood club in a loop of his belt; this weapon had often subdued opponents without killing them.

Both Crowley and Lewis were products of the time in which they lived. And Grand Junction in the eighties was no ice cream social. The little community was less than two years old; it had been built a short half-mile from where the Grand (now Colorado) River merges with the Gunnison. An unofficial census, taken about the time the first Denver & Rio Grande train chugged across the Grand in '82, tallied 524 town residents.

This was only one of many settlements born when the Utes were banished from their spacious western Colorado reservation. The massacre, in 1879, of Indian Agent Meeker and his staff in northwestern Colorado doomed the Utes to exile. Land was thrown open to settlers on September 4, 1881, and the Indians were escorted to a new home in Utah Territory.

Most of the sod-thatched shacks and weather-stained tents of '81 were gone. Log cabins had given way in turn to frame buildings, with even an occasional brick structure; the two-story Randall House, with its outside well and outside plumbing, was considered modern. The town had a three-block long business district, with several stores located on adjacent streets. Colorado Avenue was a dirt thoroughfare—dusty and rutted in summer, and pure hell when winter's frost began to thaw. There were a dozen saloons, two banks, hardware stores, and the business places of bakers, butchers, lawyers, doctors and others.

On the cultural side was an opera house, a music school, well-attended holiday dances, and a cornet band which performed on special occasions. Grand Junction apparently had everything needed to bring civilization to the frontier, but the town was a long way from being tamed.

GEORGE LEWIS, after he had made his boasts, caught sight of the marshal and ducked into Corwin's, with Crowley close behind. Lewis strode the length of the saloon and disappeared into the kitchen. The marshal followed, with cautious sidewalk loungers and saloon patrons some distance behind. They clustered about the doorway, gaping at the antagonists.

Lewis stood next to the kitchen range,

(Continued on page 57)

GEORGE LEWIS

Photos Courtesy **The Daily Sentinel**, Grand Junction, Colorado

Marshal Crowley played 2nd E-Flat tuba in the Grand Junction Cornet band (see inset).

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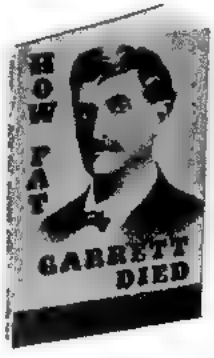

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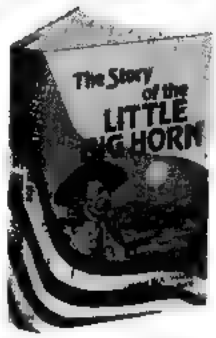

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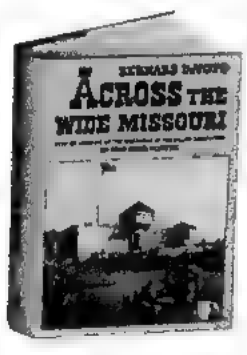

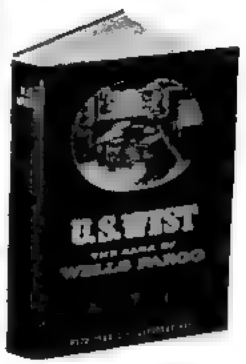

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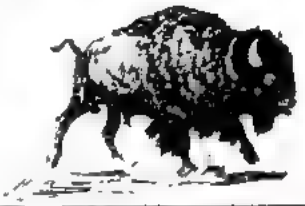

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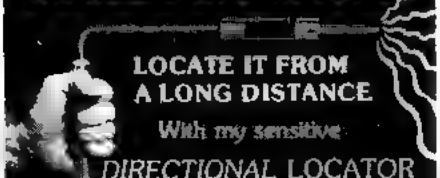

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Bodie—Archangel of the Mining Camps

(Continued from page 30)

violations of the Sunday Law was that he considered it a fruitless and useless expense to the county." However, Judge Briggs, who presided at the D.A.'s ouster trial, was unimpressed and ruled that he be removed from office. Early that month the editor of the *Free Press* sounded a warning to the citizens over another matter of local concern (which was in a way prophetic):

"At present, there are a number of vacant houses in Bodie, some of which have no one to look after them. As a result, petty larceny thieves find a field for their labors, in stripping these uncared for places of anything and everything of value. Not even overlooking the joint of stove pipe nailed to the roof. Locks are being taken from the doors, and doors from their hinges. And small youths, poker players, Indians, and zephyrs are at liberty to roam through the deserted and doorless halls wrecking and bringing to ruin everything on the premises. . . . The use of these dry frame houses for gambling and lodging places by the Indians and youthful portions of our population could be the means of touching them off sometime and probably bringing upon the town such a catastrophe as a wholesale conflagration."

A recalling Bodieite, now departed, who was a very young lad that year, had childish fun sneaking out to play in nearby vacant houses. Once he and his playmates were trapped by the quickly falling darkness. The night and the strange noises that arose in the empty building as it was buffeted by the wind's anguished refrain that howled past the eaves and shrieked through the broken window panes, filled the romping band of urchins with fear. The darkness outside seemed crowded with mountain lions, coyotes, and things. When all seemed lost, they were rescued by their mothers, who hustled them home to supper. Their alibi-hardened parents paid but scant attention to their sobbing stories that the shrieking wind had sounded like a band of hungry coyotes and they had been afraid. From their unfeeling parental rulers they received the dubious comfort that what they heard was neither the howling wind nor ferocious coyotes, but "Bill Bodey's Ghost," and they had better not stay out after dark again.

The speed with which the sands of hope and confidence in the district drained away by that fall, was sadly reported by a local scribe on November 22: "The large and handsome building known as the Molinari House, corner of Main and Mill Streets, was sold at a public auction at the insistence of the owner. The bidding was not active, and the property was knocked down to A. Soderling [prominent Bodie assayer] for $625. The building originally cost over $3,000. This is like throwing property away. Real Estate and improvements are being knocked down at excursion rates."

Ten days later the *coup de grace* to all deep mining in the south end of the camp struck when the big but financially sick Noonday, North Noonday, and Red Cloud mining complex, with liabilities of over $600,000 and assets of slightly over $136,000, was attached in San Francisco by the Wells Fargo and Company Bank, to which financial institution these companies were months in arrears to the tune of $460,000. The repercussions of this attachment in Bodie threw 175 men out of work and closed down all their mining operations. The most serious was the stoppage of the Red Cloud's huge Cornish pump. This allowed the water table to rapidly climb back to its original level, choking off mining operations in the south end mines. It submerged all underground workings below the 450-foot level.

It mattered not that the mining and production records of the Noonday, North Noonday, and Red Cloud companies were chronically sad. In the years of their operations from 1878 to 1882 these companies never paid a dividend. The Red Cloud's total listed production was a measley $10,927.50, while it had levied some $155,000 in assessments on its long suffering stockholders. The Noonday and North Noonday had compiled a total bullion production of $1,023,289.50 while extracting $208,000 in assessments.

The sudden collapse of these bloated gems of corporate red ink, coming as it did at the wavering point in the camp's economy, was a catastrophic blow to the district's already shaky mining outlook and one that almost overnight destroyed the magic of the district's name. It marked a turning point in the camp's destiny, and from that fatal December in 1882, Bodie's days of glory began fading away.

THE RAPIDITY with which disenchantment for the Bodie Mining District grew is attested by the fact that by midwinter of 1883 all but six or seven of the larger mines had closed down, and the population of the camp had shrunk to less than 2,500.

The combined bullion production of all operating mines in the district that year fell to $1,582,667. Early in the following year the Standard Consolidated resumed payments for a few months, and then abruptly discontinued all dividends as their blocked-out ore bodies were exhausted.

Of the forty to fifty properties that were in active operation in 1879 and '80, less than half a dozen of these were working in '84. And the camp's population continued to dwindle as miners, millmen, and other laboring groups drifted away in search of employment. Stores, saloons, and buisnesses of all kinds emptied their shelves, bolted their doors, nailed up their windows, and left the dying camp. By 1888 and '89 there were almost three times as many vacant buildings in town as there were inhabitants.

Just after the turn of the century Ed Loose, who had struck it rich in his famous Grand Central Mine at Mammoth, Utah, formed with his brother, Warren, the New Bodie Mining Company. They consolidated Warren's mining claims with the newly acquired Syndicate Mining Company and the famous Jump Up Joe Mine at Masonic. In order to develop new ore chutes, they proceeded to drive

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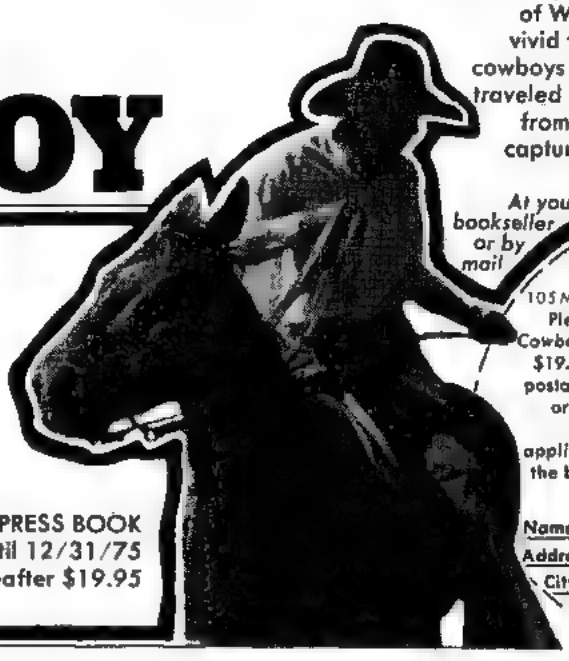

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the 1,440-foot long Whitney tunnel, which eventually opened several excellent ore bodies that enabled them to keep the 20-stamp Syndicate Mill running through several years of profitable operations.

Jim Cain acquired control of the Standard Mill and Mine in 1915, when he won a settlement of a trespass action against that company. Their underground mining operations had blundered into removing ore from his Midnight claim, a property that in former years was known as the McClinton. This was truly an amazing mine. It had been operated, off and on, through the lush years of 1877-80 and up to 1888. During these years its total listed bullion production was a stunning $1,064. It never paid any dividends and levied a grand total of $123,-000.00 in assessments on its unlucky stockholders. Apparently the diligent miners of the Standard Company were far more adept at finding ore in this mine than any of its earlier owners had been.

The advent of World War I interrupted all mining operations in the camp. In the summer of 1915 the famous old 20-stamp red-brick Syndicate Mill built during the Civil War (the camp's first) made its last run. Engineer Ike McKenna closed the throttle, and the ponderous cast iron flywheel, weighing tons, slowly turned in its final revolution that stilled forever the 1,000-pound stamps of its ancient battery through which had passed some of the richest gold ore ever milled.

Through the years various attempts were made to resurrect Bodie—even up to the Depression-ridden early thirties.

In the south end of the camp powerful new pumps dewatered the Red Cloud shaft. Several thousand feet of development work in drifts and tunnels were completed. A limited amount of good ore, some of it very rich, was mined. But the complex faulting problems that had stumped the old-timers in trying to follow the ore bodies were just as baffling to the Treadwell's expert and their miners. A great deal of time and money was spent in trying to unravel the problem, but it remained unsolved.

As 1932 rolled around, the worried management of both companies, feeling the economic pressures of the depression elsewhere, resolved that a careful review of the costly and so far unsuccessful Bodie venture was in order. So both the Treadwell Yukon and the Homestake companies dispatched their top geologists to the camp for a careful reappraisal of what their real chances were of attaining their four original objectives.

Expert Hershey stuck to his initial findings and declared that he felt the metallurgical problems could be solved; he thought that the possibilities of developing new ore bodies in depth in the south end mines were still a good bet. However, his opinions were put on the defensive by the Homestake's highly regarded McLaughlin. He was not so sure of solving the recovery problem with the current plant and held out very little hope of developing any ore bodies at depth. In his report he stated that shallow mineralization was "the habit of the district" and that to pursue deep mining in the south end was at best a very "speculative venture." Thus, in the face of overwhelming economic pressures of the depression-ridden early thirties, and harking to the formidable negative tones of the Homestake's expert, the Bodie venture was phased out. The leases were terminated, and the costly machinery was hauled away.

Then in June 1932, Bodie had its biggest and costliest fire. A small boy experimenting with a handful of matches, set fire to an old frame building. The late Francis Frederick, a prominent consulting geologist, related to me that he was a member of the singed, frustrated, and weary band of volunteer firemen who did their best to save downtown Bodie that afternoon. They probably could have confined the fire to the building in the area where it started, just south of the bank, if their fire hoses had been reliable. When the ancient hoses were attached to the hydrants, the full force of the water pressure, which incidentally contained considerable gravel, soon collapsed their disintegrating inside sections, blocking them completely or causing them to burst. So the helpless firemen were forced to watch the frustrating sight of the flames spreading from building to building, till all was in ashes.

In 1962, Bodie became a California State Park. And since then the old ghost town is visited each year by thousands of vacationing summer tourists, who ex-

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citedly explore the faded and splintered remnants of what nine decades ago was one of the richest and wildest camps of the American West.

We feel we owe a salute to the crowded gallery of characters who had their day on the stage of Bodie's history to name a few:

Hank Monk, the famous whip of the West, who gave Horace Greeley his memorable ride across the Sierra.

And petite Eleanor Dumont, alias Madam Mustache, the famous and respected little lady gambler of many roaring camps who lost her stake one unlucky day in Bodie and committed suicide on the Bridgeport road. Respected? Yes!

And Michael McGowan, dubbed "Michael, the man eater," who earned his dubious reputation when, in fits of violent rage, he bit off various and sundry appendages (fingers and snoots) of his victims, which landed him in court, where he threatened to chomp off the ear of Justice Peterson, who promptly had him deported to Carson City with the admonition to exercise his talents on the members of the Nevada legislature.

And Tom Cain, who was fondly remembered by old-timers for his volcanic outbursts of colorful profanity. It was generally acknowledged that he held the record for the distance his bellowing oaths could be heard as they fell like smoking brimstone on the stubborn ears of his mules. In fact, it was a mule that probably brought his untimely demise.

And the "Strawberry Blonde"—she was a beauty, a wicked *fille de joie*. In her regular parade to the bank and post office, no hats were doffed but all necks were craned, and every male eye was peeled as grudging homage was paid to the undisputed beauty queen of Bonanza Street. Her end was sad. Hooked on the poppy, she put a bullet through her heart on a New Year's Eve.

And Pat Holland, the fun-loving and energetic chief of Bodie's earliest fire companies, whose prominent proboscis wore a genuine rum blossom, and who, after migrating from Bodie in the early '80s, allegedly became the coroner of Tombstone, Arizona.

And Cecil Burkham, and Moyle and Gilkey, whose apostleship of the noisy, swarming new age of the horseless freighter and motorized stage ushered in the quickening transportation pace of the twentieth century with the former's first gas-eating, solid-rubber-tired lorry. As it lumbered up the steep pitches of Bodie Canyon the bouncing staccato of its exhaust swept ahead to fall on the sensitive ears of many skittish and frightened teams, whose nervous, rein-clutching drivers breathed sighs of relief when "the thing" chugged past. Its entrance into Bodie wrote the finish of the romantic stagecoach and the high-wheeled freighters drawn by their prancing and training teams.

And "Billy the Wind," who, with the advent of the Pope-Hartford and the Thomas Flyer, became a gasoline jehu, the record-setting Barney Oldfield of Mono County's rutted roads and Bodie's dusty thoroughfares.

To these and countless other picturesque characters who played their parts through the exciting years of the camp's history, Hail and Farewell.

Old Nig

(Continued from page 29)

we relayed again for another two hours, making a total of nearly seven hours of constant running. Henry finally drew a loop tight on his neck and shoulders, but his own horse nearly went down—and Henry's horse was one of the best heavy rope horses I ever knew.

We got the stud home and named him Nig. He was as near to a wild one as I had ever dreamed of catching. He was also a true offspring of Old Sy—you could tell by the way he could kick. We tried to tame him down but made no headway. Making a gelding of him only increased his hostility. He had a special hatred for Henry.

Somehow I was able to work with him, though I never got on him like I wanted to. Dad and Mom had refused to let me try. Dad finally got three brothers about thirty miles from our place near Johnstown to break him for $12. They had him a couple of months before they sent word that he was in the livery barn in town and for us to come and get him.

I didn't recognize Nig at first, he was so thin, but I saddled him and headed home. Ordinarily I could ride the twenty-five miles in three hours on a good horse. That trip took me seven hours and I had to lead Nig the last two miles, he was so all in. When I got home I felt so bad I bawled. From then on I concentrated on bringing him back to health. By mid-winter I had some meat on his ribs, but his front legs were weak. I rode him some and got along okay, but he seemed to stumble every once in a while.

Old Nig had never been a real comfortable horse to ride as he had a short slow walk, but he developed a jigging trot that he could keep up all day long. This I learned as time went on, since we rode a lot on coyote hunts which started as soon as chores were out of the way in the morning and lasted until after dark sometimes, depending on how far away from home we traveled.

The first coyote I ever caught with Nig really spooked him. He wouldn't let me tie the coyote to the saddle so I skinned it and had to unsaddle, tie the pelt to the saddle, then resaddle and start over again. Nig was still spooked and after a hard run he gave me a heck of a good shaking-up.

He taught me more than I ever taught him. Books can never teach such things. I'm not what you call a sharp and alert type, but with him I learned never to be caught napping.

THE first sign that Old Nig was back to his former self was after we had bought three greyhounds to hunt coyotes. The dogs were broke to lead, and on our first hunt we led them between us on a rope. Our old bird dog was a good skunk dog and on our way home he got one. The hounds helped out, too.

After we got gathered up again—dogs strung on the rope, skunk tied on Old Nig—I swung into the saddle just as one dog in odorous misery rolled around my

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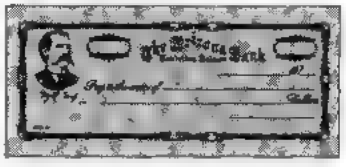

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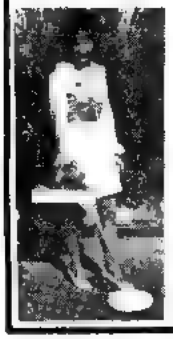

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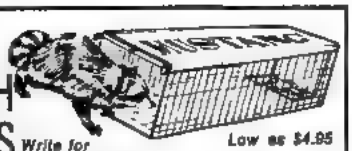

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horse's rear and got the rope mixed up with his heels. I wasn't ready for the explosion which followed. That skunk was swinging and fanning Old Nig. My brother Murph, was hollering for me to stay with him, and I sure had a death grip on the horn. I had made up my mind to stay on.

That was the start of twelve or thirteen years of similar episodes with Nig. He never gave up his kicking habit, though if I avoided any contact back of the cinch, I was able to get along fine. He got to where he'd buck every time I got on, but only once did I ever lose him. The barnyard was real sloppy from a January thaw, with ice under the slush. I didn't make it all the way into the saddle and landed on my back in a good puddle. This gave Nig an idea, and from then on he got hard to mount.

Once I led him into a deep snowbank, and I stood on top at belly level. I got into the saddle easily and that made him mad so he came out bucking right for a patch of ice about ten feet across. He tried to stop, but his feet slid forward and he landed on his belly at the far edge of the ice patch.

That method worked until the snowbank failed me, and then it was a fight to get on again. Dad tried to help, but he and my mother hated Nig and were afraid of him too. Once Dad headed for the house to get the shotgun to end Nig for me. I had gotten a rope on his front foot, tied it up to the horn of the saddle, and had mounted, but he was too mad to give me time to loosen the rope. He lit out on three legs, going down to his nose every jump. That was the hardest job I ever had, staying on him. Anyway Dad saved a shell. I pulled his front foot up after that.

It was ten years before anyone else rode him. He got to be a good cow horse though he was hard to catch if I ever let him loose with the saddle on. On cattle drives he seemed to be tranquilized. I could get off and walk, throwing reins over his neck, and he would follow along—even turn after a lagging calf and bring it up to the bunch—and I could catch him anytime on a drive.

I hunted coyotes with him quite a lot and he usually saw the coyote before I did and would start after it. So you see I had reason for my attachment to such a horse. It took a lot of persuading from my folks before I consented to sell him.

They had expected to trade thirty head of horses on a new Chevy priced $300 when the buyer offered to take Nig at $35. He was grass fat. I saddled him before dinner to be warmed to the saddle as I planned to use him to deliver the rest of the broncs, but when I pulled his front foot up to get on him, the guy backed out of the deal.

ONCE about dark I was bringing the milch cows in, and under a spreading willow Nig stepped into a pile of old wire embedded in the ground. He had a terrible fear of wire, and by instinct whirled away, but his front feet got caught in a loop and he was thrown flat, back under the tree. When Nig got up, there in one stirrup was my big rubber overshoe stuck fast. A quick thought of being dragged by a kicker like Nig made me freeze. As I sat there looking at his hind leg between my legs I didn't have much time to pray, but God must have seen how scared I was. Nig stepped ahead and the saddle slid off his back. He walked away never realizing the chance he had had. The short latigo was broken; a large limb had caught the saddle. I got the saddle and walked over to Nig, and I think he was as scared as I was he was shaking so hard, I took him to the barn.

We had a neighbor who was a better horseman than I was and he offered to help me take the kicking habit out of Nig. We started after dinner and got him in a cattle chute. The idea was to tie an old washtub to his tail and he'd wear himself out and eventually quit kicking. Well, Nig kicked the tub to pieces, tore the chute down, tore up a saddle, two wooden gates, and wore us out too, only to be worse than ever, if that was possible.

If I hadn't known my limits and respected his do's and don'ts I could never have ridden him. One queer thing, though—I didn't have to pull his front foot up if I rode him after dark, which I did sometimes since we rode horses to dances and other neighborhood events. All of the folks knew him and kept their distance.

Old Nig was a good rope horse if I stayed in the saddle to be sure he kept the rope free of his legs. Once I front-footed a big Percheron mare. The rope settled high on her front legs and when she hit the end of the rope on a dead run, Nig set himself so tight that he broke the new rope in two equal parts.

I would say that Nig wasn't the hardest bucker I ever rode, but he did more of it than any other horse I've ridden. I wasn't a contest rider, but I did know how to stay on any horse I tried.

After I married, Old Nig was a constant source of worry for fear one of our kids would get too close and he might kick one of them. Nig had to go for the children's sake and Marjorie's peace of mind, as she always mistrusted the old pony. We traded him in on a John Deere tractor.

I bade Old Nig farewell with a pang of regret. I had put in a lot of hours and miles on his back, and I guess I sort of felt like I'd sold a part of myself. When the trucker and I got him loaded Nig darn near kicked his way out of the truck. I don't know whether he didn't want to leave me or whether he just didn't want to lose that last chance to aggravate me!

Choctaw Wilson N. Jones

(Continued from page 17)

proceed, showed his samples. He knew he wasn't getting through, though, try as he might. Ordinarily during a sales pitch he would stop occasionally and ask how many of each item the merchant might want, or discuss some item. Each time he stopped in this case Mr. Jones just sat and watched. He never said a word; there was never the slightest change in his expression.

When the salesman had shown the last

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Above (left), the road leading from the location of the Jones ranch house to the cemetery where Wilson Jones and several other family members are buried. On right, the inscription at the base of the headstone.

of his samples he asked, "Mr. Jones, can I take your order now?"

Completely poker-faced Mr. Jones replied, "No speak English."

"You mean you don't understand anything I've been saying?" There was no response.

"Mr. Jones, I am sorry," the salesman said. "Next time I hope I can sell you."

As he was leaving the room another salesman came in and spoke to Mr. Jones in a language the first man was sure was Choctaw. Mr. Jones replied in the same language, and the salesman said, "Well, Jonesy, how's my favorite and biggest chief?"

"Fine. Everything's going O.K." said Jones in near-perfect English.

That night at the hotel the two salesmen met. As they were not handling competitive lines, the one who had drawn the blank asked the other about Wilson Jones.

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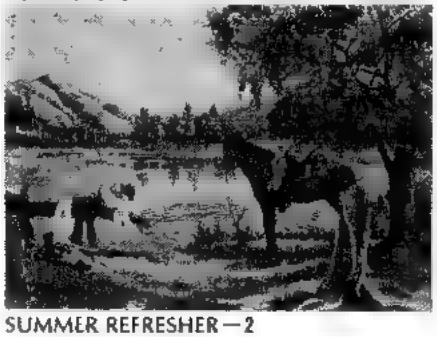

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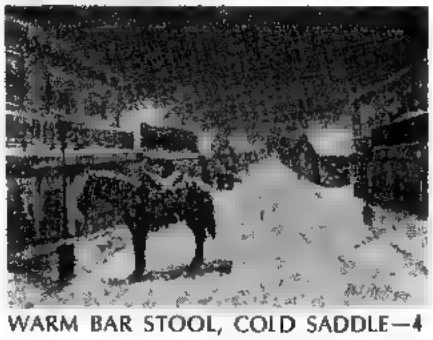

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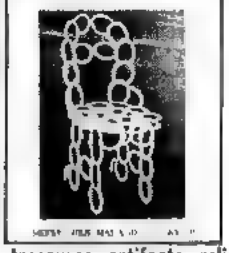

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blood, proud of being a self-made man. The next time, speak to him in Choctaw. Treat him exactly as you would any other successful merchant. I'll give you a list of about two dozen Choctaw words and phrases. Don't bring up your first visit the next time you call on him, unless he does first. Then apologize, but don't overdo it. Make it brief. You will run into this situation at other places, too. When you get to McAlester and call on the J. J. McAlester Mercantile Co., remember that Mr. McAlester is also of Choctaw blood."

This incident was told me by my grandfather, long since deceased, who was a merchant in Caddo. He was a close friend and business competitor of Wilson Jones.

JONES was one of the most notable and versatile men in the Choctaw Nation, a rancher, planter, statesman and philanthropist, as well as being a highly successful merchant.

He was born in Mississippi, but the date isn't certain. One report gives it as 1831, but the inscription on his tomb, which records his death in 1901, states he was seventy-four years of age, which would make his birth in 1827 or perhaps 1828. He was the youngest son of Captain Nathaniel Jones, half Choctaw, half white. His mother was a Battiest (pronounced Bah-teest), a prominent French-Choctaw family still represented in Eastern Oklahoma.

In 1833 the family came over the "Trail of Tears" to settle on Little River. Captain Jones was "annuity captain" in charge of distribution of goverment payments to the tribe. He was also a member of the Choctaw national council while it met at the first council house at old Nanih Waiya, near the present town of Tuskahoma. (Nanih Waiya was named after the Choctaws' "sacred mound" in Mississippi.)

We know little of Wilson Jones' early years. He did not have much formal education. In 1848 he left home and set out to make his fortune, first as a farmer in the Little River area. Starting with nothing, he had in a few years accumulated $500, the beginning of a vast estate. After the Civil War he moved to Shawnee Creek, about fifteen miles east of Caddo in Bryan County, and began to prosper, though the road was not always smooth. In 1867 he went into the cattle business with a partner named Myers, and in four years they had accumulated a herd of about 1,000. Myers drove them overland to Kansas markets, sold the cattle, and just kept on going. Jones never knew where.

Wilson Jones was left with nothing but debts to show for four years of hard work, but he had acquired such a reputation for honesty and good management that he was soon on the road to success again. After the coming of the Katy (M.K.&T.) Railroad in 1872 he went into the mercantile business in a big way, owning a large store at Shawnee Creek and another at Caddo.

Due to mismanagement of the Caddo store by a partner, it failed. Jones had to take it over, pay off $20,000 in debts, mostly to St. Louis wholesalers, but he soon had it flourishing again.

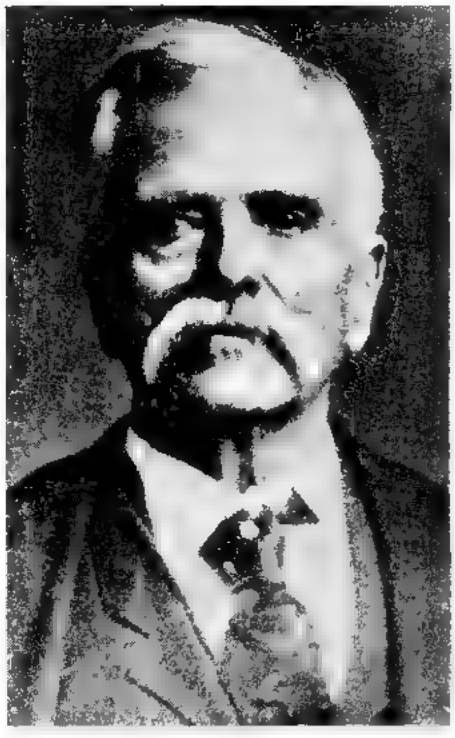
Officially, Jones owned only these two stores, but tradition is that he owned, had a partnership in, or had some kind of working interest (usually a "silent partnership") in six other stores, or eight in all.

Jones' land holdings were not small either. He had 17,000 acres under fence, about 5,000 cattle, and 75 to 300 head of horses. About 600 acres were under cultivation. He had a very fine orchard, mostly apples; the rest was in pasture. Until 1883 a Choctaw could use and hold any part of the public domain he cared to fence, improve, and use. A law passed in 1883 limited the holdings of any one man to a square mile, but the law was not retroactive, so Jones was able to keep his 27½ square miles of land. He also owned a cotton gin and had extensive and profitable holdings in some of the Nation's coal mines.

ONCE he became established Jones built a home at a beautiful site on Shawnee Creek, near the present settlement of Cade. The house had two wings, with fourteen rooms in all, and each room had a fireplace. One room was about thirty feet long and wide in proportion. It reportedly was used as a courtroom when Jones was a Choctaw official. Great verandas with walnut posts and balusters enclosed the house. Underneath was a large cellar. Some said it was used to confine prisoners awaiting trial upstairs, but it is more likely it was used as a storage place, particularly for fruit.

The house stood for a long time, but a few years ago was torn down. Enough lumber was salvaged from it to build three nice homes. The owner of one said that he was replacing some of the old windows a few years back and was surprised to find the studdings in the wall were four inches square instead of the usual two inch by four inch.

Wilson N. Jones



The cemetery near the original site is in a sad state of disrepair, but an attempt is being made to have the Oklahoma State Historical Society restore it, and repair the monuments. The one of Mr. Jones is truly an impressive one that must have cost many thousands of dollars. It was said to have been shipped to Caddo in sections, and moved to the gravesite where it was assembled.

The inscription on the tomb is about as short and simple as one could possibly be. It says only

W. N. JONES
DIED JUNE 1901
74 YEARS OF AGE

There is no mention of his having been Principal Chief (or Governor) of the Choctaw Nation.

It was not surprising that a man of Wilson Jones' ability should become involved in Choctaw politics. In 1884 he became trustee for Pushmataha District; in 1887 he was elected treasurer of the Choctaw Nation, and in 1890 was elected to the highest office within the gift of the Nation, that of Principal Chief —or, as it was sometime called, Governor. The election was a bitter one, Jones beating the incumbent, Benjamin Smallwood, by about 200 votes.

Jones was a member of the Progressive Party (called derisively the "Polecats" by their opponents). The opposition party was officially the "National," but they too soon had a nickname, "The Buzzards." Generally speaking, the Progressives were the more liberal, and had many mixed-bloods. The Nationals wanted to keep all the old ways, and had many full-bloods.

The election of 1892 was the most bitter in Choctaw history. Inflamatory newspaper "letters to the editor" and advertisements added to the unrest, and civil war was narrowly averted. Jones was opposed by Jacob B. Jackson, a full-blood who had attended college in the "States."

The bitterness of the campaign, it is said, was partly because whites helped stir up trouble, wanting the Nation to be disbanded so they could more easily get possession of Choctaw land and other property. Another factor was that the winning party would have charge of disbursing large sums of money, over one hundred dollars for every man, woman and child in the Nation, as a result of a per capita payment from the United States.

The election was close, and there was probably some fraud on both sides. It seemed, on the face of the returns that Jackson was the winner, but the vote was so close that ballots were to be canvassed by the national council, which was to meet in October.

Several Jones partisans were murdered during the campaign and after the election. Armed Jackson followers prevented the arrest of the culprits. In response to an appeal from Jones, a company of cavalry from Fort Reno came in and outright war was averted. Nine Choctaws were sentenced to death, but only one was actually executed for the murders.

Jackson, the losing candidate, was instrumental in restoring calm. He contantly urged his followers not to fight, but to let the law take its course.

When the returns were officially canvassed, the count was 1,705 for Jones to 1,697 for Jackson, a difference of only eight votes. (Some reports put the difference at three.) Each side claimed victory, the Nationals saying Jones controlled the Assembly, which was true. The Nationals felt they had been cheated out of the election but, largely because of the urging of Jackson, they accepted the decision.

Although Governor Jones was lacking in formal education, his adminstration was memorable for the radical changes made in the educational system. Three new schools were built, one a school for girls near the Choctaw capital, appropriately named Tuskahoma Academy. A school for boys was built near Hartshorne, and was named after the Governor, Jones Academy. This school is still in operation, but the students now stay in the dormitories at the Academy and attend public school in Hartshorne, about two or three miles away.

A third school, erected for "Choctaw Freedmen," was named Tuskaloosa Institute. The term "Freedmen" deserves explanation for those not familiar with Choctaw history. During the Civil War the Choctaws sided with the South. Many Choctaws owned slaves. After the war the Federal Government insisted the Choctaws (and the rest of the Five Civilized Tribes) give the freed slaves full citizenship. The Choctaws resisted bitterly, but pressure was such they finally had to relent. Tuskaloosa Institute was built to provide education, but "Jim Crow" laws were enforced in the Choctaw Nation, and intermarriage was a crime punishable by death.

Governor Jones also was insistent that Choctaw Schools be run by Choctaw educators, and there were plenty of highly qualified Choctaws for these posts.

ALTHOUGH successful in business and politics, Wilson Jones' personal life was beset by tragedy, almost from the beginning. When he was young he married the daughter of Colonel Pickens, well known Chickasaw leader. Two children were born of this marriage, both of whom died young, soon to be followed by their mother.

In 1855 he married Louisa LeFlore, grand-daughter of Thomas LeFlore, district chief and kinsman of Greenwood LeFlore of Mississippi, who was one of the wealthiest men in the United States. To this marriage four children were born. Of them, only a son, W. W. Jones, and a daughter, Annie grew to maturity. Annie, a beautiful and very intelligent girl died in her senior year in college at Fulton, Missouri. Willie, the son, received the best of educational opportunties, but developed habits of dissipation. In 1885 on the streets of Caddo, he killed a man. Three years later he himself was killed while returning with a group of revelers from Texas, his body being found on the sands of Red River. He left an infant son, Nat, who eventually became the heir of Wilson N. Jones.

On Willie's tombstone in the family lot is engraved: "W. W. SON OF W. N. & LOUISA JONES. BORN DEC. 22, 1860. DIED JAN. 27, 1888." On the bottom line is the time of his death: "AT 9:00 P.M."

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Louisa Jones died in 1864. Her tombstone says she was "AGED ABOUT 32 YEARS."

There was another marriage that is not recorded, and on which the details are vague. This wife was Martha Risner, a white woman, daughter of George Risner. This marriage lasted a year, one son being born to them. Then Martha left and remarried. It is not certain if there was a divorce or if Governor Jones had the marriage annulled, as he was politically powerful enough to do. The boy spent many of his boyhood summers at the ranch. His father seemed to like him, but never acknowledged him as a son. In his will he left him a small cash settlement, but it was bequeathed "To my friend" not "To my son."

Governor Jones' final venture into matrimony was in 1876 when he married a widow, Mrs. Belle Curtis, daughter of Colonel Heaston of Arkansas. She too bore him two children; they too died in infancy: but their mother survived their father.

Governor Jones had long transacted business with banks and wholesale houses in Sherman, Texas, and in the late '90s he purchased a home there, the former residence of Judge Thomas J. Brown of the Texas Supreme Court. Most of Jones' declining years were spent in this home. When he died in 1901 his estate was valued at $250,000.

In his will he provided for his sole remaining heir, Nat Jones, and made several other bequests, stipulating that the bulk of his fortune be used to erect or buy a hospital for the citizens of southern Oklahoma and north Texas. Tradition is that he wanted the hospital to be in Texas, as Oklahoma was not a state and did not have laws governing the operation of a hospital.

Tradition also says that one of the provisions of the will was that no poor person or any Indian was ever to be refused admission to the hospital. Some old-time Indians say at one time they did not have to pay for using the hospital, but did have to pay the doctors who treated them. Some Indians say that later they did get a discount, but now this is not so.

The will was vigorously contested by the family, litigation dragging on for twenty-eight years. Finally, on June 27, 1929, for a consideration of $100,000, the Sherman Hospital and nurses school was purchased and renamed the Wilson N. Jones Memorial Hospital.

One final act in the Jones family tragedy was in 1916 when Nat Jones fell to his death from the ninth floor of a hotel in Oklahoma City. The official verdict was suicide, but the family never accepted that. They said he was thrown from the window, and that the condition of his body, particularly the fingernails, showed he had fought vigorously for his life, had grasped the edge of the window and had hung on until his fingernails had been almost torn from their sockets by whoever it was who wanted him out of the way.

One writer said of Jones that he was a "man of extraordinary intelligence, unflagging energy and tenacity of purpose" and as always happens to such a man, particularly one who had been as successful as the Governor, many legends sprang up about him. One of the most interesting is that he sometimes had large sums of money to distribute to the Choctaws as per capita payments. On one such occasion he heard that Jesse and Frank James were in the area, and were planning to rob him. Jones went out to his good friend, W. J. B. Lloyd, a Presbyterian missionary, and they buried the money in the yard at the Lloyd home. The two bandits came to the home and asked Mrs. Lloyd to cook them some chickens, which they would shoot. When the Lloyds' small son heard the shooting he came in and asked if the men were going to steal the money buried in the yard. The bandits heard the boy and asked his parents about the money. They told him the truth, that the money was there, that it was to be paid out to the Choctaws. The bandits told them they would not bother the money, and did not.

I recently visited the site of the Jones Mansion with Charles Jones, great-grandson of the Jones Risner marriage. The man now living there is a kindly old gentleman of seventy-two. He says he has had many people come by and ask permission to fool around with their metal detectors. When asked if they had found anything he replied, "Yes, lots of things, such as old tin cans, nails, horseshoes and other scrap metal." He says he is sure

The Curse of the San Andres

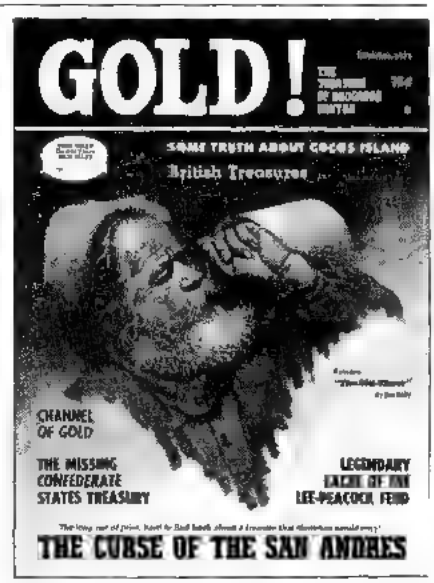
BY HENRY JAMES

By popular request we'll be running this long out of print, hard to find book about a treasure that has been in the headlines for the last two years. As reported in the Gallup, New Mexico *Independent*, August 8, 1974, "There's probably gold in the hills of White Sands missile range . . . Currently publicized guesses on the value of the treasure, if it exists, run as high as $225 billion. 'They've got the decimal point out of place,' says Henry James [the author]. But he did not say how many places the decimal may be off. James, a mining engineer, did a geological investigation of the Victoria Peak area in 1949 and returned in 1950. 'I went 85 feet down into the fault, as far as I could go,' he said. 'Where there's smoke, there's usually at least some heat. There's bound to be *something* there'."

✶ ✶ ✶ ✶

Other articles will cover a wide area of treasure activities both in the Continental U.S. and abroad. Don't miss it!

(See GOLD! back issues on page 82)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that a man of Mr. Jones' intelligence put his money in a bank; he did not bury in on the banks of Shawnee Creek, or anywhere near it.

The hospital which serves as a permanent memorial managed to weather the Depression years and has grown steadily since. A $2.7 million expansion program is slated to be completed in 1977. It is known for its specialized medical personnel. One of its administrators, Joe Sharp, states that sixty per cent of today's patients are not from the Sherman area. Many are from southern Oklahoma; others are from smaller communities throughout Texas' Red River Valley.

The Lost Barkley Mine

(Continued from page 21)

mine were ever made; nor was other data as to the location of the mine ever recorded. The area in which the mine lies is entirely in state park or private hands, and is in effect even more inaccessible to searching or development today than it was when Bud Barkley made his discovery.

Bud Barkley had a son who for many years after his father's death searched unsuccessfully for the mine. I wrote to the son's widow some years ago asking if she had any information to give me concerning the mine. She informed me she knew nothing of importance, and the last line of her letter gave me a clue as to why no maps had ever been made. She said that Bud Barkley, Sr. promised his son who was in the Navy during World War I that as soon as the boy was out of the Navy he would take him to the mine. Fate decreed otherwise. Charles (Bud) Barkley, Sr. died of pneumonia on December 9, 1918. His secret died with him.

Snake River Gold

(Continued from page 31)

bottom of one of those old diggings. The farm that my folks owned was only three quarters of a mile from where Mr. Taylor and his partner were working on the river.

The southwest corner of Dad's place joined the north end of a homestead owned by a man named Olsen. Dad had a special kind of harrow that Mr. Olsen wanted to buy. They settled on a price of $20, and Olsen pulled a leather bag from his pocket and gave Dad a twenty-dollar gold piece. He had several more of them in that bag and Dad made the remark that you didn't see many of those around anymore. This took place about 1914.

Bordering along the west end of Dad's place was a slough that wound around through several farms, finally emptying into the river two miles to the west. Mr. Olsen showed us a spot just about in line with the partition fence, and on the west side of this slough, where he said he washed out $800 in gold dust when he first came to that country.

I have hunted ducks a good many times along that slough and well remember seeing the hole in the bank where he got the gold. If there was a deposit, such as he claimed, in a spot forty feet long by twenty wide, then there is no doubt a lot more along that same stream.

The next location of any size was about fifteen miles downstream from American Falls, at a place called Bonanza Bar. Both sides of the river have been worked, and on the north side many old buildings are still standing.

The south side of the river at Bonanza Bar shows that years back a lot of placering was done; and I knew of some fellows who worked the bed of the stream with a small dredge outfit. Instead of a conveyor chain, they used a pump with a hose to bring the sand up to their sluice box.

On down near Milner Dam and a short distance above the channel of the river, is a good deposit of paydirt. About 1932 some men threw in together and installed their sluice box near the water, then hauled the gravel down for quite some time, but the price of gold then, along with the labor involved, forced them to give up.

About four miles below Milner was an early mining settlement known as Dry Town. It was located near where Dry Creek empties into the river. The soil and rock there has washed down from quite a large area.

Across the river from here and down about a mile is another large deposit of paydirt. It is on a bench well above the river bed and has been worked in recent years, but water for the sluice box is a problem, as it is only available from the canyon top when the farmers are irrigating.

During the thirties, when jobs were scarce, some men from around Hansen went into the canyon along the old diggings and washed enough to buy groceries. One fellow used a bar to move a large rock, and washed out $32 of dust in one day.

AROUND 1870, near where the Hansen Bridge is now, was quite a settlement known as Springtown. A lot of mining was done along the south side of the canyon and the old rock huts used by Chinamen are still there.

A man by the name of Bascom owned a store in Springtown during the height of the mining operations when all supplies had to be freighted from Kelton, Utah. After the placer miners moved out and the Chinamen moved in, Bascom sold his store to Herman Stricker, a Civil War veteran. Stricker moved his store ten miles south to what became the town of Rock Creek. This location became a stage stop between Kelton and Fort Boise. The old store building is now an historical landmark.

North of the town of Buhl and down in the canyon, was Mud Barville. There was a stage station, a post office, two stores and a saloon. The place had a ferry. Some mining was carried on, on both sides of the river. All of this is gone now.

Upon a bench, some distance above the river in Hagerman Valley, is a large gravel bar that has been worked over. A lot of the tailings have been hauled away for road gravel.

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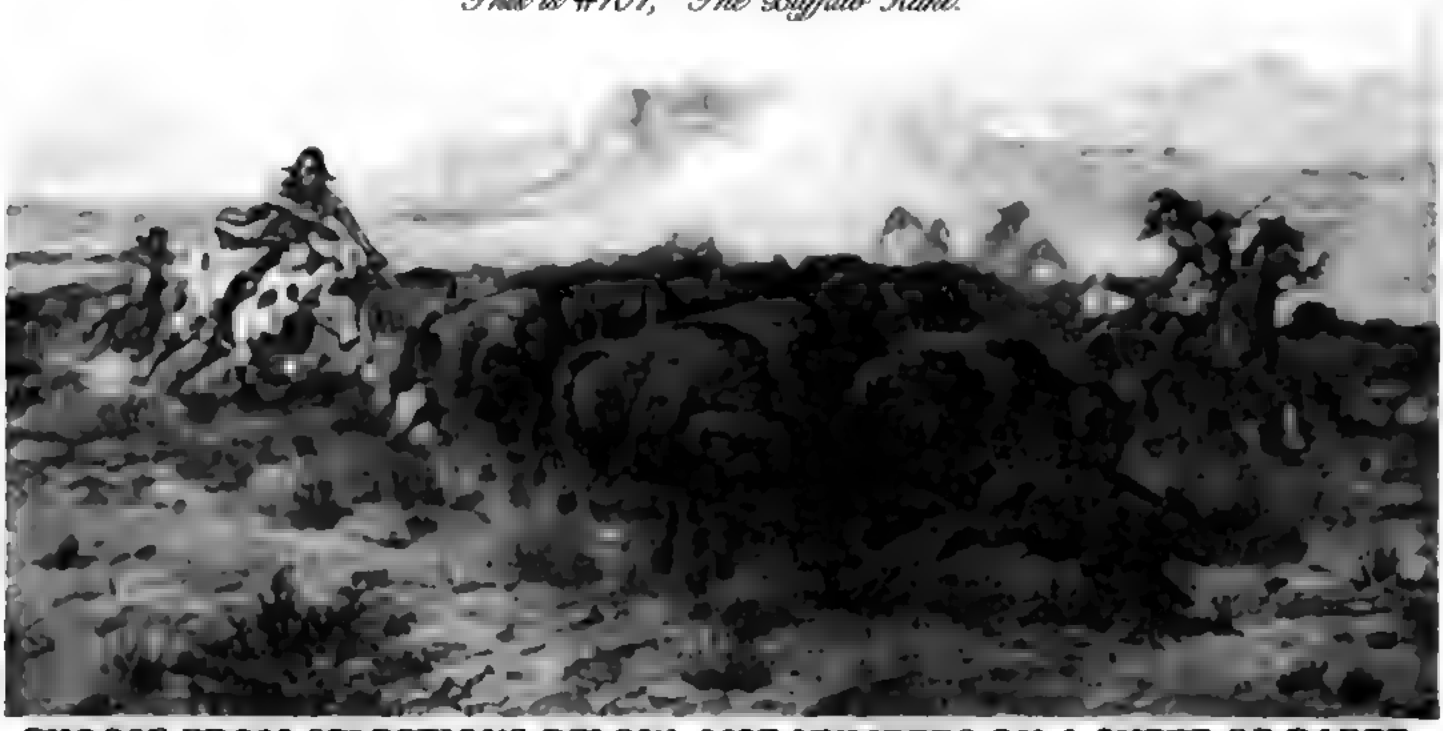

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46—Mad Cow, 12x8
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48—[illegible]
49—[illegible]
50—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x8
62—Scattering the Riders, 11¾x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x15
65—Serious Predicament, 15-8½
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[illegible]
71—When Red Man Talks War, 12½x8½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8
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[illegible]
75—The Setter, 9½x13½
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would be possible to get good paydirt off the bottom and run it through a sluice.

Near the Oregon Line both sides were worked in the early days. Near the Brownlee and Oxbow Dams much placer work was carried on, also.

At one time there was a railroad spur from Huntington, Oregon down to the town of Homestead. On the Oregon side were some copper mines, but a lot of gold mining, too, was done on both sides of that canyon.

Today nice campgrounds along the river are maintained by the power company. Bring your gold pan and fishing tackle and enjoy a vacation in scenic Idaho.

What Bodie Did to Lottie Johl

(Continued from page 15)

People did gasp when she arrived at the hall. Nothing like her costume had ever been seen in Bodie before—a long white satin dress covered with seed pearls and imitation diamonds. On her head was a crown of more fake diamonds and pearls. It didn't take long for people to start talking. Who was she?

No one suspected it was Lottie, for a girl with her background wasn't supposed to attend affairs like this. Most of the respectable citizens had never even seen her before, anyway.

When a committee was appointed to award prizes for the outstanding costume, it was unanimously agreed to give it to the lady in the dazzling white dress. Soon the signal was given for the unmasking. Lottie hesitated for a minute, then slipped off her mask. The man with whom she was dancing recognized her immediately and just strolled off, leaving her standing in the middle of the hall. Lottie moved quietly to one side and sat down.

When the awards judges found out they had selected Lottie Johl, they just could not believe it. Of course, something would have to be done. It wouldn't look right when the names of the winners were published.

The full committee appointed two of its members to ask Lottie to leave. Then the committee announced that more time was needed to decide the winners. The orchestra struck up a waltz. This was the only time no one asked Lottie to dance. She just sat, by herself, looking off into space. Eli had not gone to the dance. He knew that it would be a dead give-away that Lottie was there.

The two men from the committee came up and whispered a few words to her, which no one heard but Lottie. She then rose quickly and walked toward the door. Those standing near the door said she had tears in her eyes, but she walked out looking at no one.

When Lottie got home and told what had happened, she had to physically restrain Eli from going down and cleaning out the hall. He raved and swore that he would get even with the town. But the next morning, after he had cooled down, they decided it would be best not to even mention the affair. It would not help anything—in fact, it might give Mrs. Donnelly and the town a lot of pleasure knowing how they felt.

ELI AND LOTTIE lived on for a number of years, just keeping to themselves, their loneliness drawing them together as time wore on.

One day Lottie became ill. The doctor called, examined her, and wrote out a prescription which was filled by the local druggist. After taking the prescribed dosage, Lottie went into violent convulsions. The doctor came again, unable to understand what had happened. By morning Lottie was dead.

The whole town was buzzing. Everyone thought she had committed suicide. Heartbroken, Eli wanted to get an answer. He demanded that an autopsy be performed. It disclosed that instead of the prescribed medication, Lottie had been given a fatal dose of a deadly poison. It had not been done intentionally; it just happened.

Nothing could be done about the mistake, and besides, the town was too busy quarreling about where they should let Lottie be buried. Some of the "good" citizens of Bodie felt Lottie should be buried in unconsecrated ground; the other side felt that since she had remained faithful to Eli in the years they were married, she merited burial in the regular cemetery. A compromise was reached. She would be buried in the last available gravesite just inside the fence.

Eli erected a high wrought-iron fence around her grave, the most elaborate found in the cemetery. As the next Memorial Day drew closer, Eli kept thinking of the best way to draw attention to Lottie's grave. He wanted to make people in Bodie feel sorry for the way they had treated his wife. He wanted them to realize that Lottie had been treated like an outcast, but was really an angel.

Eli hired a local carpenter to build a canopy to fit over the top of the wrought-iron fence. Eli decorated this roof with red, white, and blue bunting and attached paper flowers and little American flags here and there. At the head of the grave, he placed an enlarged color picture of Lottie showing her blonde hair, blue eyes, diamond earrings, and dress of lace. He thought that if the people of Bodie saw the picture of his Lottie, they would regret the way they had treated her.

When Memorial Day arrived, Eli stood by the grave, waiting for the townspeople to come by. This they did—in droves. They had come out of curiosity to see what they called "Eli's carnival booth."

When they left, many had tears in their eyes—not out of remorse about the way they had treated Lottie, but by the genuine grief shown by Eli.

Eli lived on alone in the house just as Lottie had left it. He looked forward to each Memorial Day, the decorating of the canopy, and the placing of Lottie's photograph. In some ways, it was his day, the day he became important. It was the one time that the people of Bodie didn't pass him and Lottie without stopping.

Finally, the time came when Donnelly told Eli he had enough money to retire. He and Mrs. Donnelly planned to move to Burlingame and build themselves a great house. It would even have a special gallery so Mrs. Donnelly could show off her paintings.

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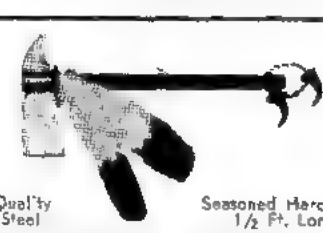

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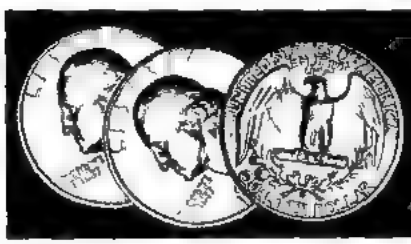
Looking west from a hill overlooking the town of Bodie.

Eli bought out Donnelly's interest in the business and carried on for several years alone. But when the town declined, Eli decided to leave Bodie, too. He sold the cottage, just as it was, including Lottie's paintings. After he left town he was never heard from again. It was rumored that he died in a train wreck.

The ghost town of Bodie is accessible by dirt road off U.S. Highway 395, south of Bridgeport, California. If you have a chance, be sure to stop. Lottie's grave is still visible in the overgrown cemetery.



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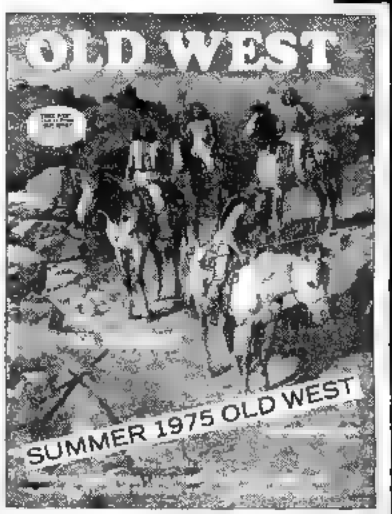

The Killing of George Lewis

(Continued from page 41)

now cool to the touch; the day's last meal had been served hours ago. One huge hand fingered the handle of a flatiron, and Crowley issued a sharp warning. "Don't, George! You're my prisoner!"

"No, I'm not!" retorted the big man. Then, with a sudden move, he punched the flatiron at the lawman like a lethal set of brass knuckles. The marshal sidestepped and swung his club, clipping George twice on the head.

George dropped his weapon and bolted through the kitchen door into the alley behind the saloon. Once outside, he halted, pivoting to face his opponent. "I've got a gun too, and I'll give you your death wound!" he shouted.

By now more spectators crowded into the doorway, some of them spilling outside where they flattened themselves against the wall. Drawn by the instinctive knowledge that a killing was coming, others moved to vantage points along the alley. Saloon girls squealed in excitement, and several town women, accompanied by their husbands, found themselves unwilling witnesses.

The August moon shone brightly, and fitful illumination filtered through the saloon door and from windows along the alley. With a quick move George whipped his right hand to his hip pocket. Crowley jerked out his revolver and fired, creasing Lewis' head. The black man staggered, then righted himself. Raising a hand, he touched the blood that oozed from one side of his head. He still had not drawn a gun.

"You struck me that time! Now look out for the next one!"

Lewis wavered on his feet; to the marshal the movement seemed aggressive. Temper flaring, the lawman emptied his gun at his adversary. Still the big man kept his feet, although spectators could see his body jerk as lead struck him. While Crowley was reloading, Lewis turned and lumbered away.

Across the alley he stumbled, to a cellar entrance behind Bill Nishwitz's saloon. As he reached the dark opening, his knees buckled, and he tumbled headong down the steps.

A dozen men soon clustered about the shadowed stairs, and Crowley curtly ordered them to haul Lewis up from the cellar. Two facts were obvious when they deposited the black man upon the ground. Lewis was dead, and he was unarmed.

"Take him to his tent," ordered Crowley. "I'll go fetch Doctor Stroud."

Dr. Stroud, along with a colleague, Dr. Brown, found that four of the shots had struck home. Besides the head wound, there was a slug in Lewis' left arm, and one in his left hip. Another bullet had entered the left breast just below the heart; this had been the fatal shot. Both doctors marveled that Lewis stayed on his feet as long as he did.

A citizens' board of inquiry assembled the next day. Here pertinent questions arose that showed vast differences between Crowley's newspaper statement and the statements of others. Two female witnesses—town women, not saloon girls—testified they had heard the big man say he would go to jail but wanted time to make a cigarette first. Crowley refused the request; it was then he clubbed Lewis. The women insisted they heard Lewis plead, "Don't kill me; I'll go with you."

Cal Morgan swore he was near enough to hear other conversation between the two. Lewis, he testified, asked Crowley why he was being arrested. The marshal retorted, "You'll find out in court in the morning."

Despite the testimony of these three, the board returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. After all, several men had heard the marshal threatened, and many had seen the shooting.

Still, in the months that followed, the three witnesses continued their protest, and doubt began to enter the minds of the townspeople. What was the grudge, they wondered, that Crowley had held against Lewis? Why was it necessary to kill the prisoner, especially when he produced no weapon after the marshal's first shot?

The circuit judge was due in Grand Junction in January, and public opinion demanded that the court look into the matter. Crowley's case was placed on the docket, and on Friday, January 25, 1884 the legality of the slaying of George Lewis was argued. Prosecution was handled by a lawyer named Rood, while Robert Cobb defended the marshal.

The courtroom was crowded. The same witnesses told their stories, and little new evidence was presented. After only an hour's deliberation, the verdict was read. It found that Marshal Crowley had killed George Lewis "while apparently in the discharge of his duties." Tim Crowley was exonerated.

Yet the matter was never settled in the minds of all of the people. True, George Lewis had notches on his gun, and had been involved in acts of violence in Grand Junction. However, many other troublesome hardcases had been merely clubbed, jailed for a time, and escorted out of town with orders never to return.

No satisfactory answer was ever found. Nor was another strange action ever explained—why did Lewis face the lawman without a gun?

Hacienda de Santa Rita

(Continued from page 28)

Bond's adobe, roof gone but sturdy walls still erect, is almost the only visible reminder of Alto.

What is left of the Hacienda is on private property in what is known as the Salero ranch. I have been privileged to see and investigate this area several times. The cemetery is encircled by barbed wire to keep out range cattle. Around twenty mounds are visible. Known to but a few, most are unidentifiable, covered by rocks and weeds and perhaps a stray rattlesnake.

It is here that Horace Grosvenor was buried along with F. N. Slack, an earlier manager at the Santa Rita who was also killed by Apaches.

Nearby are the remnants of the Santa

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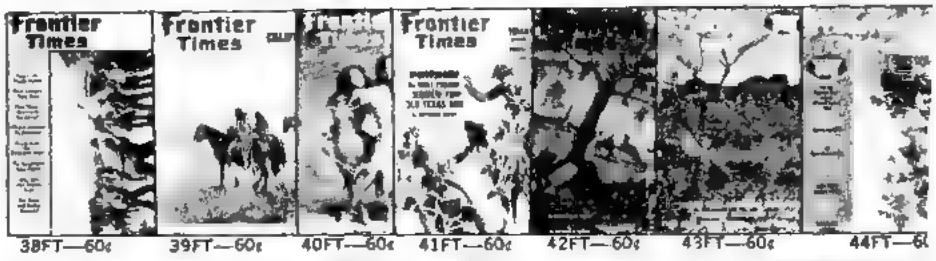

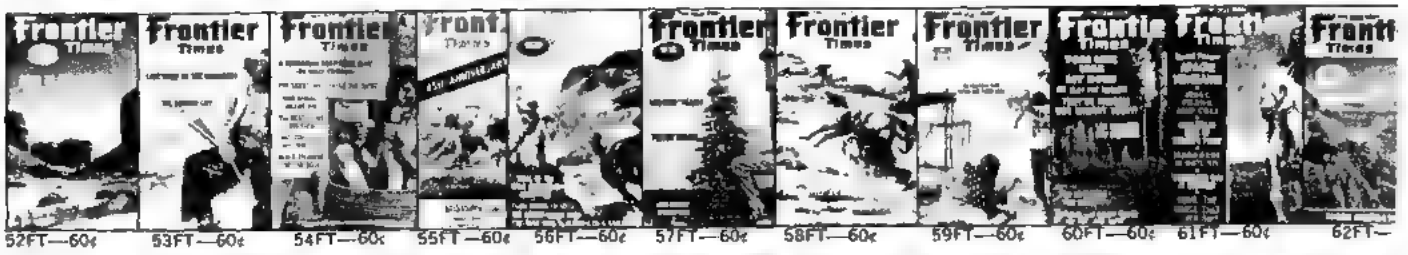

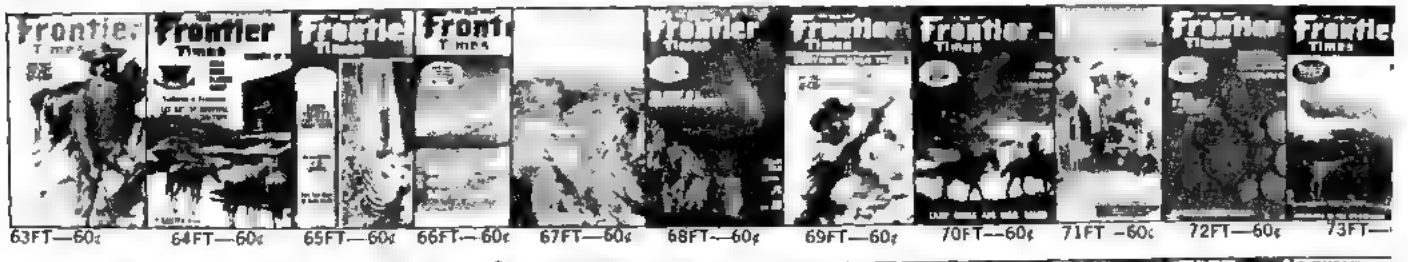

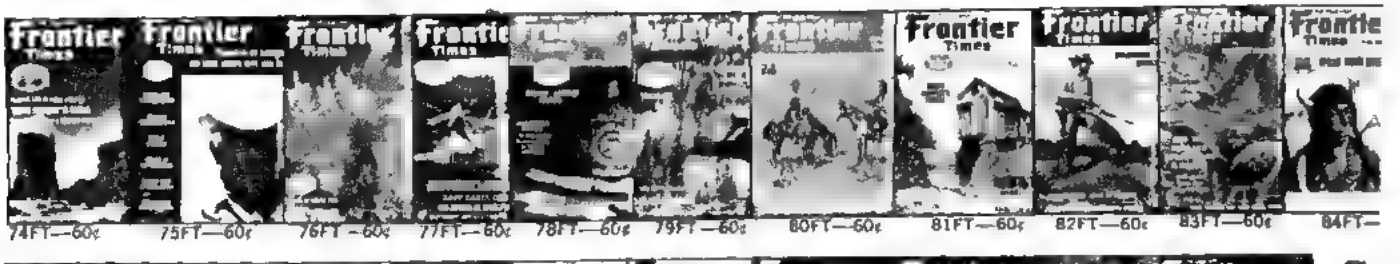

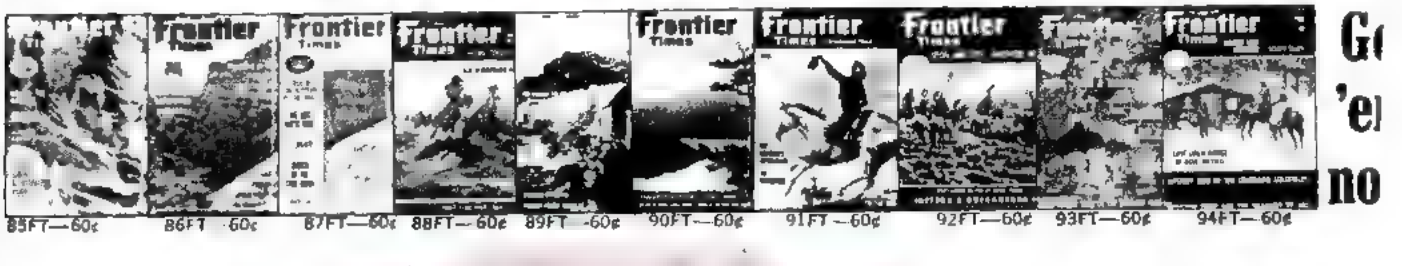

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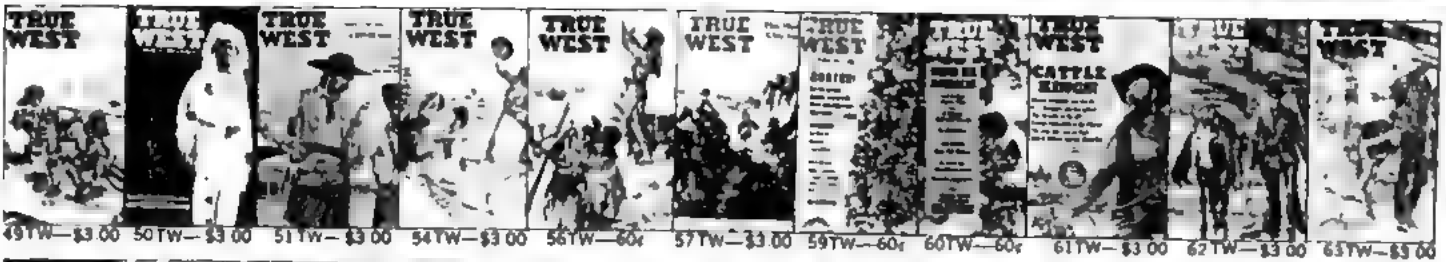

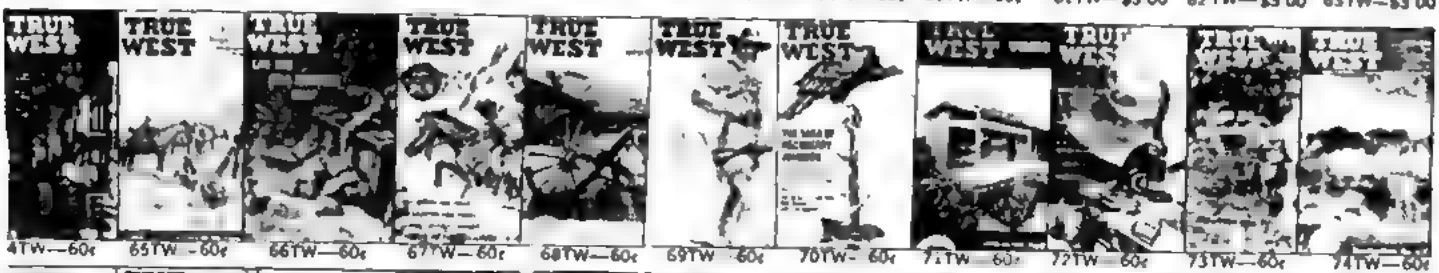

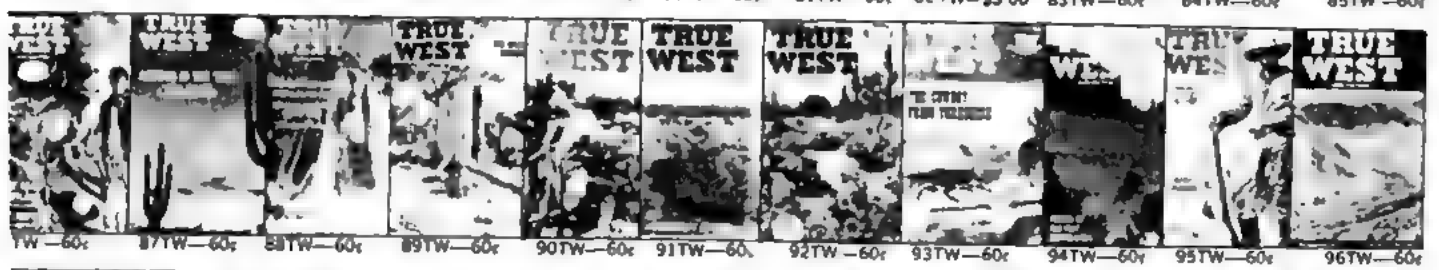

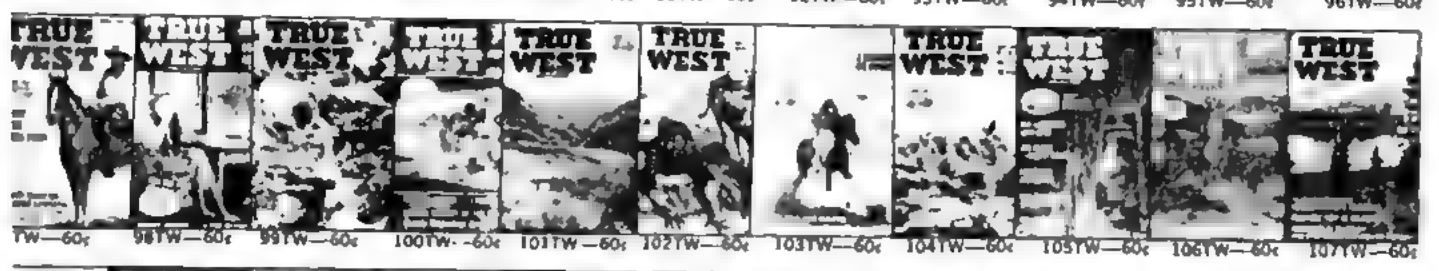

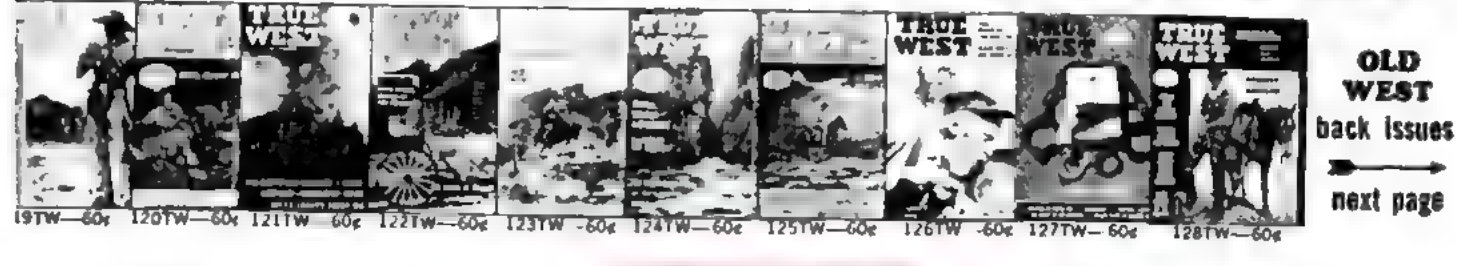

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next page

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Listening now, is that sound we hear the pounding of an anvil? Perhaps it is Rogers, the evil blacksmith, pondering the ironic justice that overtook him at El Paso? Or that coyote barking, is it the signal of a long-dead Apache?

Raphael Pumpelly died in 1923 at eighty-six, a man who had seen much of this world—but from the intensity of feeling in the recounting of his first job, no other place left so deep an imprint on his memory as did the Hacienda de Santa Rita.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 25)

in recent years has been increasingly difficult to find and expensive. This new edition has much to recommend it—sixty pages of additional text and notes and many new illustrations including nine in full color. The foreward of the first edition by J. Frank Dobie is retained and this reviewer is sure that Pancho would have approved of the maturity shown by Bob in updating the text. It is the top book on the spread of the Spanish horse in both Americas. Recommended.

A FIRST!

Robert West Howard's *The Dawnseekers* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95) has as its appropriate subtitle "The First History of American Paleontology." The symbolic obstacle—the orthodox date for creation, 4004 B.C., hampered the early scientists and often led to their being ridiculed by the clergy and the "true believers." Bob Howard carefully researched the work of the early scientist in this country; studied the numerous conflicts and their results; examined the Darwin War and put it all together in an interesting account of the science of ancient life—paleontology. If you think this is an over-scientific dry-as-dust history you just don't know the author. This book is about people, fascinating characters, who sought the truth about our past—Dr. Caspar Wistar, Charles Willson Peale, Amos Eaton, James Hall, Joseph Leidy, F. V. Hayden, Edward Drinker Cope, Othniel C. Marsh, John Wesley Powell, Henry Fairfield Osborn, and many other professional (and amateur) scientists who followed through despite the jibes of the skeptical. It is enhanced with photos, maps, tables, bibliography and index.

INDIAN LORE

Dog Soldiers, Bear Men and Buffalo Women (Prentice Hall, $20.00) by Thomas E. Mails, is a detailed and profusely illustrated study of the societies and cult

of the Plains Indians. There were thirty-five Indian nations living in the Great Plains between 1750 and 1850. This period saw the Plains Indians reach the height of their glory with highly developed social life, crafts, religion, hunting skills and warfare. Accompanying these was a proliferation of warrior societies, civil societies, and cults with distinctive ceremonies, costumes and regalia. Although many of these societies and cults were of ancient origin, they became an indispensable factor of life during the years 1750 and 1850. Their activities and influence reached deeply into every aspect of Indian life. They preserved order in camps, on the move and during hunts; guarded the camp and kept it informed of the movements of the buffalo herd; served as keepers and reminders of tribal heritage and traditions; and in innumerable other ways played essential roles. They carried many different names—Dog, Bear and Buffalo were among those most frequently applied. One of the major purposes of this book is to illustrate and describe society and cult regalia. This it does more comprehensively than any other book to date. But it accomplishes much more than this objective. Thomas Mails has thoroughly sifted the scattered literature on the Plains Indians, examined their remaining artifacts in many museum collections and written and illustrated with his own drawings and paintings a fascinating account of Indian life on the Great Plains.

OZARK LIVING

Life in the Leatherwoods (Memphis State University Press, $8.95 hard cover, $2.95 soft cover) by John Quincy Wolf, is a glimpse at pioneer life in the 1870s and 1880s in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. Wolf was born in 1864 in a one-room log cabin in the upper White River country of Arkansas and grew up in the rural isolation of that area. He had a curious and sensitive mind, was an exceptionally close observer and had a good memory. Wolf eventually became a successful banker and in 1931 when he was approaching retirement, began writing reminiscences of what it was like shortly after the Civil War to be a growing boy in the Leatherwood Hills, a remote corner of the Ozarks. These became a series of sketches that appeared in several newspapers and in the *Arkansas Historical Quarterly*. Upon his death he left an even larger collection of notes, papers and unpublished manuscripts. All these were gathered together and edited by his son, J. Q. Wolf, Jr., a professor of English literature. *Life in the Leatherwoods* is a series of well written stories that tell of life in log cabins many miles from the nearest neighbor; of one-room schoolhouses and spelling bees; of wildlife and medical lore; of hard times as well as good times; and other insights into pioneer daily life, attitudes, beliefs and humor. It is informative, often very amusing, and is good reading about a vanishing way of American life.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 3)

Meilke, was born about 1908, somewhere in Canada. I was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin in 1927, and my parents divorced in 1929 in Plymouth, Wisconsin. I have a brother living in Chicago, Illinois and one who died and was buried somewhere in Wisconsin, possibly around Plymouth or Sheboygan. My grandfather remarried, a woman about my mother's age, and lived somewhere in New York. Any information will be appreciated.—Delmer Perkins, P. O. Box 589, Burney, California 96013

Powell

John Powell, my great grandfather, was born in Appleton, England in 1823 and came to Iowa about 1838. His wife, Melghann Powell, known as Millie, was born in Virginia in 1825. Their oldest child was born in 1848 or 1849, and all their children were born in Cass Township, Jones County, Iowa, near Cascade. Their names in the 1870 Federal Census for Jones County, were Sarah, William Benjamin, Margaret P., Eliza L., Minerva, Joseph, Nellie Alice, George, and Eddie who was born in 1869 or 1870. The 1880 census has no trace of the family. It is known that George Powell was at Fort Smith, Arkansas in 1886, but where did he go from there?

It is said that John Powell was buried at Coffeyville, Kansas, but funeral home records dating back to 1889 have no record. We did find that, in 1889, his wife, Melghann Powell, was issued a card authorizing her to beg as she was blind and had no means of support. This card was signed by the mayor and six businessmen of Coffeyville. There is a letter written for Melghann by a G. C. Munday of Dexter, Texas in 1892, as she could not write it herself. There is no envelope, but the letter is to George Powell asking where her oldest son, William Benjamin Powell, lived.

In 1896 Melghann Powell was buried at Washita, Iowa, home of William Benjamin, and on the gravestone these words were inscribed: "Why should we mourn our Mother's loss, as Death to her was bliss."

John Powell had a brother, George, born 1805 in Appleton, England. He came to the United States about 1829, living first at Marion County, Ohio, then moving to Dubuque County, Iowa sometime near 1847. His youngest daughter, Rebecca, was married to my grandfather, William Benjamin Powell. We believe that George and John may have had more brothers who came to America. We are certain that a sister married a Bennett and believe they lived in Ohio.

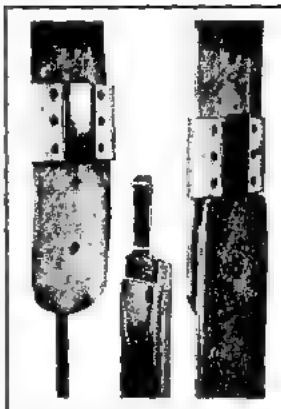
We would greatly appreciate any information on any of these people, or hearing from those who may be of kin.—Alvin C. Powell, 115 S. Russell, Milton Freewater, Oregon 97862

Truly Western

(Continued from page 7)

"Snake Tales"

I read with great interest Jay J. Kalez's "Snake Tales" in the October '74 TRUE WEST. Seldom do we see a story so well put together with such factual aspects of true cowboy life and ways in those early ranch times of an older West.



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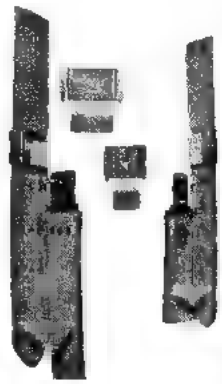

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I am no authority on any specie of snakes. I was raised on a small cow outfit in the Missouri River country of Montana and later operated an old established ranch that once belonged to the Coburn Cattle Company of the early days. It was known as the Rocky Point ranch at the mouth of Rock Creek on the north side of the Missouri River. Wilder, on the north side of the Missouri River, was the post office. We had our share of rattlesnakes along the river bottoms and among the hills.

I think there might have been one thing Mr. Kalez forgot to include in his account of his many experiences and various items regarding rattlesnakes and their habits.

During my early life I heard many stories about and had many experiences and close calls with rattlesnakes. There was one story often told about a maddened rattler being teased until he could bite himself. I often tried to accomplish this thing but always failed. In later years, while I never contradicted the story, I came to disbelieve it.

During the late 1930s and early 1940s while operating the Rocky Point ranch I used mostly horse power for haying and feeding cattle. I had a large horse pasture adjoining the ranch which took in the south slopes of the hills. One morning about sunrise I was wrangling the horses out of this pasture. As I came to the foot of the hills a good-sized rattler was buzzing there beside the trail. Having horses almost running over him and disturbing what would have been a peaceful morning for sunning himself, he was really on the prod.

As I stepped off my horse I picked up a dry dead stick about four feet long and began teasing him. Within two or three minutes, after he had struck that stick end many times, he suddenly stopped rattling and slowly and deliberately sank his fangs into his back. After a good thump or two on his head I cut it off with my jack-knife and went on to corral my horses.

In most cases any snake left lying dead is soon dragged away by skunks, coyotes, or some other varmint or is nearly always attacked by ants and ground bugs. If it is not carried away within a day or two, it will shrink and rot and disappear.

I wrangled my horses every morning for perhaps ten days or so after that and expected the body to be gone or changed in some way, but it always looked just as I had left it the morning I killed it. No ants or bugs had bothered the snake although it was mid-summer

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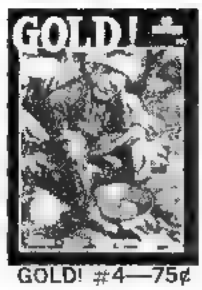
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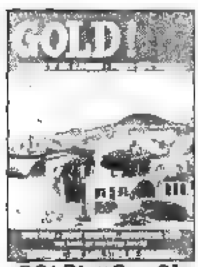
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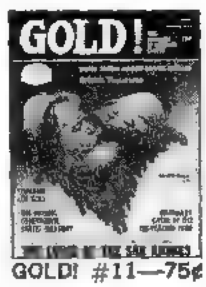
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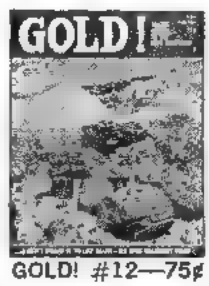
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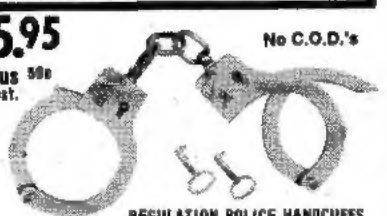

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and rather hot. I will never understand this peculiarity—a very uncommon thing indeed. During that same summer I got another snake to bite himself but never followed up to see what happened to his carcass.—Ben Garthofner, 1019 Laredo Circle, Boise, Idaho 83705

XIT Photograph Identified

It's a little late to be writing, after eleven years, but may I make a correction on one of your photographs? While thumbing through an old February 1964 TRUE WEST, I noted at the bottom of page 11 a group of XIT cowboys (12) from "6,000 Miles of Fence." Your caption reads "Chuck time at Yellow House." My correction is: the photo is XIT, but was not taken at Yellow House but at Plainview, Texas at a roundup. I have the names of all of the men in this photo and would say it was taken sometime in 1885, the year of the XIT founding, probably the first roundup. I have the large original of this in my collection, along with one taken of the same men at headquarters in 1889 in which they appear much older. Young Will Rogers, who was twenty at the time, appears in the background of the latter, and is not with this group. This is an unpublished photo of Rogers and probably the earliest one extant of him as an itinerant cowhand taking a day's work wherever he could find it. I have never found any record in XIT material or Rogers biographies that state he was ever in the employ of XIT.

I am always adding original material to my collection of western photographs and certainly would appreciate knowing of any that are ever for sale.—George H. Edwards, 1802 North 22nd Avenue, Hollywood, Florida. 33020

Mule-Footed, Wattled Hogs

The story about razorbacks by Bill Brett, in the February 1975 issue, interested me as I raise wattled, mule-footed hogs of razorback descent. I live in open range country here on a million and a half acres. We have lots of wild hogs and catch them with Catahoula-Leopard dogs. I have a history of the mule-footed hogs, but want to get more information on the wattled.

I have practically a full file of each of your publications.—Gilbert H. Jones, Medicine Spring Ranch, P. O. Box 148, Finley, Oklahoma 74543

Dr. Fix

I just got through reading the June issue of TRUE WEST. I have read your magazine ever since it came out. I was raised in western Nebraska—went there when I was three in 1901. At that time it was full of rattlesnakes and Texas steers. My first plaything was a saddle and a rope and I was pretty good with both. My dad had lots of horses and cattle, so you see I learned fast.

I read the story that Walter Lawyer wrote about Dr. Georgia Arbuckle Fix. I knew that doctor too, and she was a good one. I also knew Walt Lawyer and his dad—two of the best men I ever knew. The horse never lived that could throw Walt. I would like to hear from him and know where he is. I haven't heard of him for over fifty years. I will be 78 years old in July and he must be a little older. The times we knew were hard times but in a way they were good times too. When I was in Nebraska as a kid there were no fences to speak of, and now the "grassy plain" is just one big wheat field. Wyoming is the same where they can plow it. I saw it last in 1973 and I don't want to go back anymore.—Cary Meek, 17 SE - 17th, Milton-Freewater, Oregon 97862

Circus Calliope

I just came into possession of a TRUE WEST magazine. On page 38 of the August 1974 issue there is an article, "When Yankee Robinson Came to Town," by Don Buchan, with a photo of a steam calliope in the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus parade. This is the Two-Jesters calliope built for the Sells Floto Circus in Denver, Colorado in 1920 and later converted to air. It is the largest calliope in existence—thirty-six whistles. It is now in the Ringling Circus Museum at Sarasota, Florida. Can you please let me know where I can obtain a copy of this photo for my collection?—Gene Cunningham, Hotel Carling, 1512 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610

Signal Hill Swap

The story "Never By Chance" in the February TRUE WEST was especially interesting to me because Southern California is one of my main interests. In 1950 I boarded a train at Los Angeles bound for Seattle. My seatmate was an elderly lady whose name I have forgotten, but she has lived her entire life in the Long Beach area. Knowing much of the history of Southern California, she proved to be a very interesting traveling companion. She told about *la brea* which her family dug up in chunks to use for heating and cooking, but her main story was about Signal Hill.

It seems that her father owned a lot in downtown Long Beach sometime after the turn of the century and put it up for sale. One of the first offers he had was from a man who owned twenty acres on Signal Hill and wented to trade it for the lot. The lady's father took a day off and drove up to Signal Hill to look the property over. He came back with a pretty disgusted report, "Twenty acres of sun-baked adobe and not a tree or blade of grass in sight." He refused the offer and later sold his lot for fifty dollars cash.

I first saw Signal Hill in the early thirties and there still wasn't a tree, but the forest of oil derricks left little room for trees or even a blade of grass. —Jack Carlisle, P. O. Box 38, Placerville, Colorado 81430

Luke Short

We have been informed that Luke Short, famed Western novelist, died in Aspen, Colorado on August 18, 1975. Luke's real name was Fred Glidden. He was a prolific writer—the sale of his books ran into the millions. No one exceeded him in sharp character portraya or action-packed situations. Death came much too soon—he was only sixty-seven

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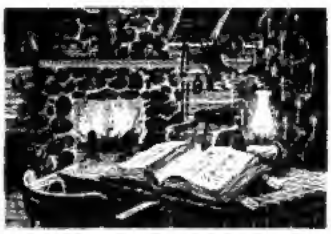
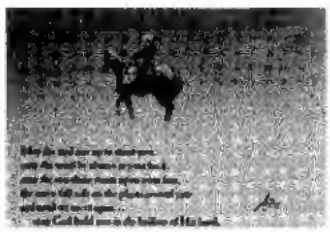


1205 A Memory of Christmas— Come join a dream of...Christmas in an oldtime western home, etc.



1304 "May the trail rise up to meet you..."— Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year

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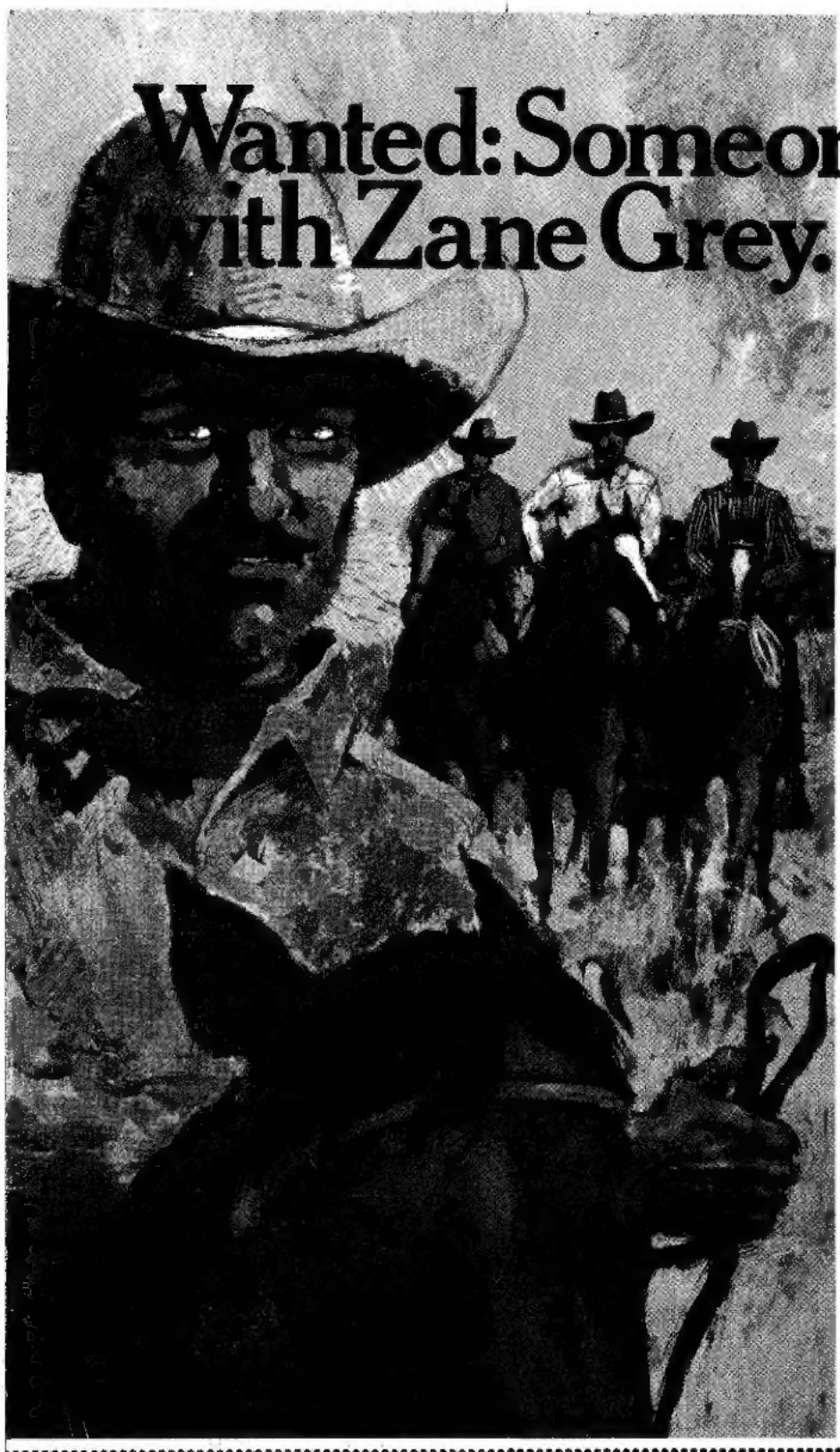

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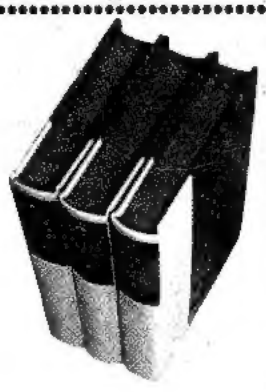

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